

THE FORUM

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H. P. DAVISON—THE MAN BEHIND THE RED CROSS

EDWIN WILDMAN

EVERY Monday morning a magnificent private car, attached to a Washington express, pulls out of a station "somewhere in New York" and speeds to Washington. It is a portable office, equipped with stenographers, secretaries, telegraph instruments—all the essentials of a busy man's busy work. It is the car of the Chairman of the War Council of the Red Cross. It costs the Red Cross nothing. The man's time is contributed to the nation's need, and the services of his subordinates in New York and Washington are not charged to Red Cross funds.

When in May the President felt the need of going to the rescue of the Red Cross, in order to make it an effective instrument of aid and mercy in France, he summoned a conference of thirty representative citizens to Washington to discuss ways and means. H. P. Davison was a member of that commission. They met and talked, and then talked some more. Mr. Davison spent but a few moments in conference but did some hard thinking. Nothing constructive in the way of recommendation was developed by the meeting. Funds were needed, that was obvious, but no one offered a plan. Later, a few of the men present met informally at the Metropolitan Club. It developed that Mr. Davison did not approve of the suggestion of a finance committee. He vigorously declared that in his estimation there was never a ques-

tion of money where the American people were involved in a patriotic duty, and that he believed a direct appeal to them on the ground of the necessity of raising a great fund to rehabilitate the active forces of the Red Cross would be sufficient. He further emphasized that the American National Red Cross should be reorganized on a war basis.

When his ideas were brought to the attention of the President he was offered the Chairmanship of a War Council of the Red Cross, to be organized upon the basis of his outline.

Davison saw his opportunity and his duty and forthwith largely eliminated himself from business affairs and gave his services and the services of his associates to the country. Being a practical fighter and a sportsman he realized that first the powder flask must be filled. Had Davison been a football captain, or a varsity coach, he could not have designed a more perfect battling plan. Teamwork was his first thought and he at once selected hundreds of teams of ten men, each with a captain of finance or social prestige as leader, and apportioning to each money centre of the nation a required sum, said: "Go, and bring in at the end of the week beginning June 25th, \$100,000,000." In addition to this brilliant sporting competitive plan, he conceived another idea that brought in twenty more millions and swelled the sum needed for resources for the Red Cross. He suggested a clever method whereby the great corporations could do their "bit." "Declare a one per cent Red Cross dividend," he wired to corporations throughout the country; and knowing Davison, and knowing his resourcefulness and valuing his suggestion, the corporations obeyed and the special dividends poured in and the stockholders turned them over to the Red Cross.

The Red Cross has languished for years. It has called for money, it has begged for help, always an agent of mercy in every great catastrophe that has befallen people here and abroad, but it was left to Davison to strike a new note in its history and declare the American National Red Cross an agency to win the war. That was the tocsin that sounded the patriotic note and stirred the nation.

THE DAVISON PLAN

It is in the Davison plan to rehabilitate devastated France and Russia, to aid the impoverished non-combatants and restore the ruined cities and villages of war-stricken Europe. That there will be a great amount of work needed outside the field and base hospitals, he believes; and to bring this work within the scope of the Red Cross is his constructive idea—to finance home building, aid the restoration of productive soil, and help finance the smaller industries until they can get on their feet again. He believes that money must be loaned to the peasants in the territories of the allied armies. Jobs and incomes must be stimulated and the devastated soil of France, Belgium, and Russia put back into flowering promise of better times and happier days. “The ruined victim of the war in Europe must have help sufficient to establish him on an independent basis as an earning factor in the life of the community,” is the way he phrases it.

Of the war activities of the Red Cross, Mr. Davison says: “It is the purpose of the War Council of the American National Red Cross, and I believe it is their universal opinion, that the insignia of the American Red Cross in the fields will operate exclusively in favor of the American Army and our allies. Following the inevitable spirit of all Red Cross service, the American Red Cross will not decline first aid to any wounded soldier or civilian of any nationality whatever, providing he is within the lines of the Allies.”

This is the policy and these the plans of the new head of the War Council of the American Red Cross. Just how and in what manner these ideals and objects of mercy and economy and war value will be carried out has been to some extent told. A line of supply transports, great hospital bases, the best medical engineering skill in America, the first call upon great industries for equipment, abundant money, those are in Mr. Davison's plans—plans that will not cease to operate for years after the war is over, for the rehabilitation of a devastated people, the restoration of a ruined industrial life, and the re-establishment of sound financial and commercial

conditions, is a gigantic undertaking. It is perhaps the greatest philanthropic and constructive plan that has ever been undertaken by one man.

With that, his career as a public man, in the white rays of the limelight, opens a new chapter that concerns us all; for next to the President, and the commanding general in the field, stands Davison, a Major-General of activities behind the lines in our battle for world ideals and world democracy—another phrase for the brotherly unity of races and the sacred rights of man—ideals to be fought out upon the battle-scarred fields of Europe.

DAVISON'S INTEGRITY

The biggest thing that H. P. Davison has given to the war cause is integrity. It is something that he had when he lived in a country town and opened and closed the doors of a country bank's vault. Integrity isn't born in a man after forty. It is born when he is born, if at all. Some develop it into character. Some let it slough off. Davison's grew with him. It was the integrity behind the name that inspired his fellow citizens to place over \$100,000,000 to his order for Red Cross work in France and to place it there in seven days, without a question and without a condition, except as prescribed by him.

Who is Davison? "Oh, he's Morgan's right-hand man," was for some years the familiar answer. But was that enough to recommend him to our loosening purse? No, we must admit him more than that modicum of success, pre-eminent though it be, and doubly distinguishing for Davison, who has sat at the right hand of the two Morgans, father and son. But Davison has registered distinction quite individual and apart from the Morgan interests. He has come through on his own account.

Once, back in the eighties, H. P. Davison, then a paying teller at a bank window, faced a crank with a drawn revolver rather than turn over to him on demand a few thousand of his depositors' gold. It is a dangerous matter to refuse or trick a half brained, desperate man, with a loaded revolver

in his shaking hand. Cowards do not do it. They give over and ring up the police afterward.

This year Davison flew over the French lines, within German aircraft reach, in a warplane. Fear is not in his blood, fear of body or fear of spirit. Twenty-five years ago, craving for knowledge, country educated, ambitious, he renounced an inheritance that would have meant a college diploma, in favor of his sisters. "I can earn my living without an education. They can earn theirs with one," was his philosophy.

I should like to extend this phase of Davison. I should like to be more personal. I should like to tell some intimate incidents where the unwavering line of his tightly set lips held steady through tragic moments, moments that would rend character not as flint-like as his. I should like to picture a scene of grim determination against crushing disappointment; of firm will in wrenching moments. I should like to present pictures of subsidiary groups of men held taut by his will; backed, "set-up," and kept strong when there was only weakness to hold up. Not that he could have been different. It was his inheritance to stand pat on his premises, and it became his character. He couldn't go but in one way and that is the way he's going now; forward on a definite tack,—how far, opportunity and the country's need and his own endurance can only measure. For the vital force of Davison is drawn upon to its utmost each day. He uses all the brain and power there is in him, all the time.

Two years ago, one day, I sat close to him in the Morgan office, watching his tired face, the heavy pouches under his eyes, the lines of his cheeks, the thinning hair on his brow. I commented the changing years. "My partners are killing me down here," he said, sweeping his hand over his brow. It affected me, for I visioned the contrast of the earlier days.

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Go with me to a little church-steepled town in the Pennsylvania hills, not far from the New York State line. Thirty

years ago the population of a Sunday could be gathered in its two houses of worship. I think they still suffice today. Troy, Pa., was Davison's boyhood. On "Main Street" there was a dignified little bank. Too large in structure to put on your mantle-piece, yet it resembled the type that held our childhood pennies. It was *the* town bank—and daily the farmers drove up to it from the Bradford County hills, and deposited their savings, borrowed advances on their crops, took out or paid mortgages and renewed notes. It was the bank of the Pomeroy Brothers, and known far and wide in Northern Pennsylvania. The bank was the financial cradle of Davison. It also taught him other lessons than those of finance, for he took care of the bank and its belongings, as consciously as he had welded the ferrule in a Troy school for two years previous. He was a scion of the local banking magnates. By blood he was kin to all the Pomeroy bankers—hard-thinking, godly men, feared and powerful, holding the little community and the adjacent country in the palms of their hands, yet of unquestioned integrity, though relinquishing nothing for sentiment or emotion, fine, old country bankers who lived like gentlemen, entertained largely, gave discriminatingly, and were respected and powerful. It was the Pomeroy uncles and the Pomeroy blood that gave Davison his taste for finance, and the Pomeroy success was his vision—his inspiration.

DAVISON'S RISE

Perhaps Davison, in those early Troy days, did not realize that he had a vision—but others who knew him sensed it. The sequence of its development is interesting, if studied. Life was a problem in mathematics to him and every situation susceptible of solution. Things had to square up, sum out, total and have an answer. It was trying to his friends, sometimes, who could not figure as well, and did not measure values in known quantities of acts done or impulses completed, or eventualities proven. They had not found out in Troy that Davison was bigger than the bank but he had found out that the bank and Troy were too small for him.

Greylock School, at Williamstown, Mass., where he received his preparatory education, taught him that there was an outside world and a broader horizon. The Pequonnock bank in Bridgeport, Conn., to which city he had gone, found him one day behind the paying teller's cage.

I have watched and studied and written about the careers of men, in various climes and stages, for many years, and I have sometimes grown pessimistic about vaunted success. I have often thought that the majority of successful men owe their preference in life to some incident, extraneous to their work, perhaps luck, inheritance, marriage, social "pull," rich and powerful relatives or grateful ancestors, the patronage of powerful friends, and a hundred and one contributory causes, but in those moments of pessimism I have invariably recalled Davison, and the thought has forced itself upon me that hard, consistent, intelligent effort, coupled with adaptability and heroic genius of self-control, makes for the only real success. Davison had friends, but he made them; he had luck, but it was the luck of inspiring confidence in his ability and integrity.

Bridgeport, Conn., presented a larger horizon. To the Pequonnock Bank he brought all the ability for concentration and hard work that he acquired at Troy. He also brought that personal charm which has always made him strong friends. He could always swap a story and laugh as heartily as the other fellow. In the twinkle of his eyes there lurked the evidence of merry wit and his lips relaxed easily to a good sally, given or taken. He could mount to horse and spend hours exploring unfrequented roads or riding cross country. He could shoulder a gun and bring down the most elusive partridge in the woods. Always athletic and an outdoor man, he often in later days walked to business in New York, in lieu of time to take other exercise.

Davison accomplished two things in Bridgeport. He married and he opened the door to New York. Biographers of success stories have pictured a youthful Davison wandering the streets of New York, a Horace Greely of the banking world, a penniless youth, sighing and dreaming of conquer-

ing in the great metropolis. They have even gone so far as to picture him standing, pilgrim-like, in front of the house of Morgan, and resolving to some day enter the forbidding portals. Pretty notions to supplement facts and inspire youth to dreams of achievement, but untrue of Davison. He never "dreamed," he always worked. And he never was a "penniless boy," never wandered aimlessly. He came to New York because there was a vacancy in the Astor Place Bank, and a banking friend who knew of it had recommended him as the best man for the job.

The old Astor Place Bank was the depository of many publishers twenty years ago, and it was there that he got his first knowledge of the publishing world that was later to serve him well in financing properties that were close to the heart of J. P. Morgan.

Davison worked for some time in New York before bringing his family to the city, commuting every day to Bridgeport. Possessing the charm of good fellowship and an eye to the values, he cultivated friends of importance to his future—he had no use in his scheme of life for those of another type, a characteristic that has been an important factor in his success. It was at the Astor Bank that he declined to cash the check of a crank who held a loaded revolver at his head. At the Astor Bank he made many friends and when the Liberty National Bank, affiliated with the Astor, needed some energy and resourcefulness behind it, Mr. Davison was the logical selection for cashier. The Liberty was not an important bank at that time and had need for all the patronage, small and large, that it could attract. Davison was the magnet. He soon knew everyone in that part of the business world, and there was not a restaurant keeper or a merchant who was too little or too big to escape his suasion. The big, empty safety deposit vault, a novel and expensive white elephant in those days, was soon rented and the cashier became the vice-president. He had shown his ability and made it count. His friends entrusted their securities to the bank's safety deposit boxes. He was a business getter, and when the presidency became vacant and none of

the big wigs of the Street wanted the bother of the job the wee small voice of luck stepped in and whispered the name of Davison. To give a presidency of a bank to a youth of thirty was unheard of and the conservative directors poo-pooed it; but Dumont Clark, a director, had the effrontery to name a youth as the candidate, and was forced to champion his suggestion, putting his powerful influence behind Davison, who elected the youngest bank president in America. Then and there Henry Davison became the *protege* of the famous banker, E. C. Converse, a director. He watched Davison and soon put him at the top of his list of comers. In a year or two Davison had outgrown his job and the directors gave the Liberty a new building on Broadway.

His friends thought he had arrived. In truth he had only started, for he had an idea that was to revolutionize the banking world.

THE IDEA THAT ATTRACTED MORGAN

It was about the time he became president of the Liberty that J. P. Morgan organized the billion dollar Steel Trust. The thought was inspiring to Davison. The Steel Trust needed money and Davison concerned himself with the problem of making banking money earn more money safely. He wasn't satisfied with the restricted earning power of money deposited in a national bank. Probably the restaurant keeper and the bootblack had noticed this fact, also. Presumably the big companies who deposited at the Liberty observed it, too. At any rate he conceived a trust depository for national bank money—a trust company that under the law could become a depository of national bank and insurance funds and not be entirely restricted in the nature of the securities back of loans. This was the idea that was born in his brain and resulted in two things; first, the Bankers' Trust Company, and second, the immediate attention of J. P. Morgan.

Today, in the sky-scraping structure at the corner of Wall and Nassau, is a tablet inconspicuously part of the marble walls of the president's office which reads:

THE DIRECTORS OF THE BANKERS' TRUST COMPANY HERE RECORD THEIR APPRECIATION OF THE SERVICES OF HENRY POMEROY DAVISON IN THE ORGANIZATION AND UPBUILDING OF THE COMPANY AND THE ERECTION OF ITS PERMANENT HOME.

But the Bankers' Trust Company is only one of a group of trust companies that the Davison brain merged into a huge financial bulwark of the nation, the total capitalization of which makes the senior Morgan's Steel Trust an infant industry in comparison. It was in Mr. Davison's name that the \$2,000,000,000 merger, headed by the Guarantee Trust, was made.

It only took five years to jump across Broadway to the First National Bank, and all the while Davison directed the affairs of the Bankers' Trust. Mr. Morgan sent for George F. Baker, the president of the First National, and ordered him to grab Davison quick. At thirty-five years of age he was the first vice president.

In five more years his brain was Morgan's biggest aid. In the panic of 1907 it was Davison who shuffled the millions of Wall Street and averted one of the most severe financial crashes in its history. Those were pregnant, tragic, moments. The streets were filled with lines of anxious depositors drawing millions from the banks, and the industrial world was toppling. The bottom was dropping out of the whole list on the Stock Exchange and money shot up to prohibitive call prices. It looked like a financial maelstrom. To his thirty-five year old lieutenant the elder Morgan turned for a brain equal to the occasion. Sheer resourcefulness and unquestioned integrity loosened the gold of the sub-treasury and the Morgan depositories and Davison, in conference at the Morgan residence on Madison Avenue stood out for lowering the rate of money, pouring gold into toppling banks, and buying up the sinking securities. He won and was late for dinner that eventful evening—late for the annual dinner of the Bradford County Society of New York—

but he joined his old home town friends and in a brief speech regretted his delinquency but averred that he had had a "pretty busy day." He was calm, immaculately dressed in evening clothes, and told stories in his usual good humor. The storm was weathered and the pilot was serene.

The next day, or was it a year later, Morgan called him to his residence and "discharged" him from the First National. "I want you to take a desk in my office, young man, one right next to mine," he said.

Five years later Davison was called before the Pujo investigation committee charged with being a factor in a group of 180 men who controlled \$25,000,000,000 assets of the people's money. His genius for finance had attracted the attention of the nation. Senator Aldridge, hoping to avoid a repetition of the crashes that characterized the panic of 1907, and desirous of co-ordinating and re-adjusting our financial systems with Europe appointed, among others, Mr. Davison, to the National Monetary Commission to investigate and report upon the financial systems of Europe. His masterful report was important in monetary legislation that resulted. Subsequently he was selected by the government to represent a group of American bankers to join in the Six-Power Loan to China. Upon his arrival at Paris he was chosen chairman of the entire group of interested bankers including those sent by their respective governments from France, Great Britain, Germany, Russia, and Japan.

In a twinkling of an eye, Mr. Davison became an international figure in the banking world and won the confidence of the greatest bankers of Europe. It was that confidence which, instantly upon the outbreak of the great European war, gave to the House of Morgan the appointment of fiscal agent of the Allies, a function that has involved loans to England and France exceeding one billion dollars, together with the disbursements of those loans to American industries.

THE DAVISON OF TODAY

Five years of ceaseless activity has brought the name of Davison to the foremost rank in finance. In his masterly

handling of the affairs of Morgan & Co., since the death of J. P. Morgan, the name of the banking firm has grown in power and prestige. In the Pujo Committee, in which it was sought to challenge the propriety of a private banking firm to accept interstate securities, Mr. Davison "stood pat" and won the battle of private firms in their contention for the privacy of their affairs. He contended the right of interlocking directors and the better control of the financial world through merged interests. He stoutly championed the honesty of purpose of big men of finance, admitting that no law could prevent dishonest directors from looting a bank, but assuring the public that such criminality was rare, and usually swiftly punished. These were active years for Davison, and his reach was extended to vast proportions, embracing the reorganization of great public utility companies, enormous merchandising houses, railroads, telegraph and telephone companies, and vast ship-building and steel-construction plants. "It is no unusual thing for us to loan \$5,000,000 to a business," he said, "and only through co-ordination of banks can these huge industries be financed."

Mr. Davison has fought the battle of co-ordination and interlocking interests, and always on the high ground of assumption of the honesty of purpose of the men in great financial institutions. He has announced his belief in the fullest publicity for all public utilities depositing in the people's banks and believes that the public has a right to know how their financial trusts, their public service corporations, and their moneys are administered. In this respect he brought a new policy to the House of Morgan and dispelled the ancient vale of secrecy that characterized great financial operations, where the public was concerned.

Today Davison is just at the half century mark, at the prime of his life. He is giving that prime, his best, to a vast work over-seas. We shall know him as Chairman of the War Council of the Red Cross. We shall forget him as banker and Wall Street magnate. He concerns us now as one of the dominant figures in our world struggle—for to repeat his own words, "the Red Cross will be an agency to help win the War."

THE THING CALLED PRUSSIANISM

EDWARD LYELL FOX

OUR President and our newspapers have told us that we did not go to war against the German people, that we went to war against the German autocracy—against Prussianism. What is Prussianism? Is it not worth understanding this thing that is causing us to pour the manhood and wealth of our land into Europe? Let us have the purpose of the war fixed firmly in our minds; and that can only be when Prussianism is understood. For there are a few of us who may think that we went to war for Wall Street, to pull Wall Street's money out of the fire—which is false. And there are those of us who believe that our President's declaration was a clever pretext to get our country ready for a possible war with Japan—which is equally false. The purpose of the war is clearly outlined in the words of Woodrow Wilson: "The world must be made safe for democracy." And while Prussianism is existing, the world cannot be safe for democracy; so we will fight on until Prussianism ceases to exist.

What, then, is this thing called Prussianism? Why is it a menace to the world? One has to refresh a moment on history. That is necessary to understand the Prussian mind. One has to go back to the barbarians of the North who swept down on Rome. One has to brush up on the conceptions of life that the Teutonic barbarians held. We know the dowries of their wives were spears, shields, and chargers. Their wives also followed them into battle, like the Amazon women. One must recall that these barbarians believed that if they died on the field of the battle, the Valkerie swooped down from the skies, picked them up, and galloped through space with them until they came to Valhalla. There the barbarian took a seat at a round table; his wounds were healed by a miraculous salve; and mead upon which one could get drunk quite easily was passed around in hollowed-out horns. Everyone told stories of fighting and had a perfectly enjoyable time. At the head of the table sat Wotan, the god of the barbarians,

a fine lusty warrior who laughed and drank and killed—all with equal joy.

Now these barbarians from which the Prussian came swooped down on Italy. They came into contact with Christianity. They exchanged Wotan for Jehovah; their conception of Jehovah was Wotan grown a bit old and mellow, a little tired of fighting and larger around the girdle. They swapped off some of their other gods for Christian divinities. They exchanged Thor for Lucifer. The Virgin Mary for Brunhilda, a Brunhilda, gone through a convent. There wasn't any god in Valhalla whom they could exchange for Christ, so they took Christ with some misgivings. They didn't know quite what to make of such a god. He was male, but he did not fight; he turned the other cheek, and he was the companion of the unfit. With them the unfit had always been pushed out of the way. The barbarians rejoiced in fighting. To be meek in their eyes was to be cowardly, so they stroked their beards and accepted the Prince of Peace with reservations; and the reservations have been in the caverns of the subconscious mind of Germany for centuries. You doubt this?

Have you ever read Frederick Wilhelm Nietzsche? He is the philosopher of Imperial Germany; he is the philosopher of Prussianism. He is read by every army officer and every bureaucrat. I know because I have talked Nietzsche with them. Griffith Jones, principal of Yorkshire United College, England, says: "I was struck by the considerable emphasis laid by several of the leading men with whom I came in contact on the extent to which the cult of Nietzsche was in the ascendancy among the ruling and official people of Germany."

Wrote Nietzsche: "You say blessed are the peacemakers. I say blessed are the warmakers, for they shall be called the children of Wotan, who is greater than Jehovah." That was written in 1894. The thought—Wotan!—had endured in the Teuton's subconscious mind from the time its barbarians swooped on Rome; their reservations on Christ made then in the Prussian mind lasted for seventeen centuries.

And do you remember what General Roon said to Bismarck, when it was explained to Roon by the man of "blood and iron" how he would inflame France into war? I quote from the memoirs of Bismarck. He tells of describing to Roon and Moltke how he had distorted the Ems telegram, converting it to "a red rag to the Gallic bull"; and reminiscing, Bismarck wrote: "They had suddenly recovered their pleasure in eating and drinking and spoke in a more cheerful vein." You see, war was again to be let loose—Valhalla! "Roon said: 'Our god of old lives still.'" Wotan, the ancient deity, was in Roon's thoughts. And in this war, when the Kaiser speaks as he so often does of "*Unser alter Deutsche Gott*"—"our old German God"—the spirit of Wotan is loose again. Look at the war maps of the West for April, 1917. You will find there, near Arras, what the Germans have called the "Wotan line."

Just one more thought that in the subconscious mind of the Prussian lurks the spirit of the barbarian days. Their young officers amaze one until one understands them. You see Prussian lieutenants wearing monocles, corsets very often, jewel bracelets, now and then, and handkerchiefs heavily perfumed. You see the same men going fearlessly to their death. I have seen their type jauntily plunge into the hell of the front. He suggests his barbarian ancestor after he has had a touch of the effete of Rome. Monocles and all are for reasons of vanity; it is quite *chic* in Prussia for a young officer to seem a bit effeminate; but it is all on the surface; his barbarian soul saves him from degeneracy. Let the call of battle come and up out of the subconscious mind floods Valhalla and in he goes fighting, like a fiend. Which is why the Prussian officers have been so efficient. Do you know what a Baron, an officer of Prussian Guards, told me? "We consider any man who is guilty of a breach of discipline to be degraded. I told my men that I would not take a degraded man into battle. A degraded man was not fit to die for Germany." Ponder that? The glorification of life is death—death on the field of battle. It is the old Teutonic barbarian idea—the Valkerie ride to the halls of Wo-

tan; then everybody drinking mead and having a lovely time.

WHAT IS PRUSSIANISM?

That is a subconscious thing which one must consider in treating of Prussianism. Now what is Prussianism, how did it happen, who did it, what is it doing? It is a bitter thing, Prussianism; it was born in bitterness. It was born because Europe had made a battlefield out of Prussia for centuries. The birth of German military efficiency, which is part of it, came at the time of the great Elector of Brandenburg, whose ideas were used by Frederick the Great to make an efficient army. It came into being again when Napoleon conquered Prussia and humbled a queen who was loved by her people—Queen Louise. Napoleon told her that she could not have an army of more than 20,000 soldiers, and Prussia became bitter and tricked Napoleon. The Prussian General Stein conceived the plan of training 20,000 men—complying with Napoleon's orders. When they were trained, he passed them into a reserve and took 20,000 more. So never having more than 20,000 soldiers at one time, Stein soon built up an army big enough to crush Napoleon at Waterloo.

That campaign finished, the Germans went back into the rut. As Voltaire said of them: "England rules the waves. France rules the land. Germany rules the clouds." They went around with their heads in the clouds; they became steeped in Christianity, sentimentality, and beer. They began to reproduce wonderful music, wonderful literature, wonderful drama.

Then came the Franco-Prussian war, with Prussianism stirring up the German people again, firing them after conflicts with Denmark and Austria; but the spirit could not hold. The subconscious lust of the old Teutonic barbarians for war was only awakened for a time; so we discover a Germany after the Franco-Prussian war that was the "flatland of Europe." To quote H. L. Mencken: "Nietzsche accused the Germans of stupidity, superstitiousness, and silli-

ness; and of a chronic weakness for dodging issues, a fatuous 'barnyard and green grazing contentment'; of yielding supinely to the commands and exactions of clumsy and unintelligent government; and of degrading education to the low level of mere cramming and examination-passing; of a congenital inability to understand and absorb the culture of other peoples, and particularly the culture of the French; and of a boorish bumptiousness and an ignorant, ostrich-like complacency; of a systematic hostility to men of genius, whether in art, science, or philosophy (so that Schopenhauer, dead in 1860, remained 'the last German who was a European event'); of a slavish devotion to 'the two great European narcotics, alcohol and Christianity'; of a profound beeriness, a spiritual dyspepsia, a puerile mysticism, an ineradicable liking for 'the obscure, evolving, crepuscular, damp, and shrouded.' " The Germany of that day—after 1870—delighted in sticky sentimentality, simply piety, mysticism, romanticism, and brass bands. Wagner was writing his operas.

It was the Germany that the world loved. It was the Germany that could not have ruthlessly killed civilians from the air, on the seas, and on land. It was the Germany that the neutral world had in mind when the war broke out and the neutral world said: "We know the German people. They love home and children and Christmas. They could not do these things that they are supposed to be doing in Belgium. It is not in their character." The neutral world was thinking of old Germany; the world was thinking of the symbol it had for Germany. Just as it visualized John Bull when it thought of England; for Germany, the symbol was a kindly faced, absent-minded professor with quite a beery waistline and spots on his coat and large spectacles. The world did not know then the symbol of New Germany—a handsome, trimly-built officer who wears a helmet, who has a commanding eye and a strong arm, who is no coward, who is cynical, a strong and clever bully. He is a product of New Germany. He is the reincarnation of the old barbarian. He is the man with the dainty handkerchiefs and the Wotan soul. He is

of the class in Germany that in the last ten years has openly eliminated any thought of Christianity.

NIETZSCHE AND THE TRANSITION

And the transition from the spectacled professor to the military bully. It came after Frederick Wilhelm Nietzsche began to write. He made not a dent until 1892, when with the new Kaiser Wilhelm II on the throne, a new Germany was evolving. In writing, painting, and music, spontaneity was replacing old conventional forms. From a fog of obscurity, dogma, and sterility, the German universities emerged to attract students from all over the world. The discoveries and inventions of the scientists were being hooked up to the money mills; a great merchant fleet was building; German commercial travelers were bringing German goods to the remote places of the earth. The band-braying, beer-swilling days of the seventies changed into days of tense, national, commercial expansion. People became rich; the army became great; a powerful navy was contemplated. Conscious of its power, its nostrils aquiver, the young German giant sought for an expression of the transition that it felt, but could not analyze.

So with Wilhelm II on the throne, Nietzsche published "Thus Spake Zarathustra"—the expression of New Germany for which its people had been groping. When the book came out Bismarck was tottering; the Socialistic teachings of Karl Marx were making converts by the hundreds of thousands; the government needed a national message to stiffen it. In "Thus Spake Zarathustra" it found this message. The book had two great advantages. It would not offend German susceptibilities like Nietzsche's two previous works, and it defended the state, being undermined by Socialism, and offered a new theory that combated Socialism.

With the government secretly encouraging the circulation of "Thus Spake Zarathustra," Nietzsche was made; and his influence upon the German people from 1892 till today was decidedly potent. Where there had been only one haughty class in Germany, the *junkers*, Nietzsche made the

whole nation haughty. Nearly every reader of Nietzsche who is caught by his flashing, powerful style believes that he (the reader) is the Superman. Wherein lies the clever poison of Nietzschean philosophy. What it has done to Germany today is obvious—justification merely by self, hauteur, ruthlessness.

Let no one tell you that Germans do not read Nietzsche. Every graduate of a German university or *gymnasium* (High School) knows his Nietzsche. And from that class are selected the men who fill the bureaucratic positions of Germany. Not an officer but who knows his Nietzsche. Fancy these Nietzschean words *not* being instilled into the mind of an officer: "*I do not advise you to compromise and to make peace, but to conquer. Let your labor be fighting and your peace, victory.*" Can you imagine those hotheads, who in the mess room of the German navy thumped the table tops and drank "Der Tag!" can you imagine them not being under the influence of Nietzschean philosophy?

The new Germany that began when Wilhelm II began as Kaiser is not interpreted by Goethe or Beethoven. To the world it could be presented as an operatic tragedy—libretto by Frederick Wilhelm Nietzsche, music by Richard Strauss. The powerful sentences of the philosopher, the powerful bars of the musician stretching with life, lusting for conquest, conscious of force—that is the spirit of Prussianized Germany.

Nietzsche's thoughts turned the German mind from Goethe to Pan-Germanism. He got them in the mood for that amazing new science which goes by the high sounding name of *Welt Politik*, but whose chief characteristic seems to be the negation of every law of honor and every principle of justice, especially toward weaker nations. As H. G. Wells said: "A perfect world organization of supersneaks." Expand! Dominate! By diplomacy or armed conquest—that is the goal of Prussianism.

Let us consider some of the things that Nietzsche has written and which his apostles in Germany have devoured. He wrote:

"A new beatitude give I unto you: Be Hard."

"The weak and the botched must perish. That is the first principle of our humanity."

"You say that a good cause hallows every war. I tell you that a good war hallows every cause."

"The new Empire has more need of foes than of friends."

"War and courage have done more great things than charity."

"Thus would I have men and women, the one fit for warfare, the other fit for giving birth."

Think of that last, then think of the iron rings and the war brides of Germany; of the German women of the poorer classes, who when the war began were made to take soldiers, strangers to them, in marriage. The Belgian women and the women of Northern France brought to Germany for the birth of their children; and the babies taken away from them, to be brought up as Germans—cannon fodder for another generation's step in the Pan-German scheme. Do you know that in peace time just before the war, Prussia legalized the illegitimate child, encouraged his production? It meant more births, more soldiers for Prussianism—twenty years hence. And the inspiration for that, using the women to create future soldiers; is it not there in Nietzsche—"the one fit for warfare, the other fit for giving birth."

And consider his doctrine, that it is one's duty to make the weak perish—"and they should be helped to perish." Belgium? Servia? Rumania?

Nietzsche was the prophet of the Mailed Fist. His writings, widely taught, widely read—in the autocracy—have had a profound influence on Germany from the time of the ascension of Wilhelm II to the throne. Nietzsche's was the message to the Superman and in his words the German giant, stretching its limbs and blinking round for a place in the sun, found crystallized the cavernous thoughts of the nation. To the Superman—the superpeople, the Germans—was Nietzsche's message, as harsh as nature, exhorting them to "Be Hard."

THE FABLE OF THE SUPERMAN

And the Superman? The leader of the super-people? "Remember," declared Wilhelm II, "that you are the chosen people. The spirit of the Lord has descended upon me, because I am the German Emperor. . . . Woe and death to those who oppose my will! Woe and death to those who do not believe in my mission."

And the mission? Read Nietzsche; read Treitschke; read Bernhardt; read the Kaiser speeches; read the Pan-German propaganda of 1911. Talk to the Big Business men of the Rhineland, to the *junker* aristocrats. It is world dominion, the spread of Kultur, cynically ignoring the rights and desires of other nationalities to live as they will.

Prussianism was perfected in its present form by Bismarck. He grew afraid of it and when Wilhelm II came to the throne Bismarck warned him against it. The great Chancellor saw that he had created something which would grow and grow and end by devouring those who created it. He warned the Kaiser to make friends with his neighbors and to be content with his position in central Europe. The softer people of Saxony and Bavaria and all the lesser states had been brought under Prussia's dominion and Bismarck proceeded to Prussianize them. They were too human to suit the plans of "blood and iron." The Socialists were gaining in numbers. Karl Marx was making converts by the thousands. The new Empire twenty years after its foundation was threatened by Socialism; so the shrewd Bismarck consulted with the young Kaiser Wilhelm II. They studied the discontent. They found out what the mob wanted. It wanted more than they could give it, but they could give it certain things. They shrewdly decided to do this instead of waiting for revolution to erupt the reforms.

A paternal government loving its people, weeping at the thought of any one of them being underpaid, magnanimously granted Socialistic reforms. It was an Imperial bribe; in as many words Bismarck says in his Memoirs: "Give the people a soft bed and a full stomach and they won't think

too much." So the Prussians gave Germany their prosperity. The people got government accident insurance, old age insurance, sickness insurance, non-employment insurance. They were certain that they never could become paupers. They were taken care of. The government became paternalistic, the relation of the people to the Kaiser became as children to a father; the father took care of them. He let none of them go hungry. So they were very loyal to him and anything the father did was right. They were given excellent music and excellent drama at absurdly cheap prices. Railroads owned by the government and steamship lines subsidized by the government gave manufacturers all kinds of special rates for export business. German goods could thus undersell other goods in the markets of the world. And under Prussianism, Germany prospered. We shall presently consider this prosperity, for it was wholly false; it was paid out of the Imperial Treasury. But it accomplished its purpose. It put the German soul to sleep.

WHY THE PRUSSIANS FIGHT

Under the system the German people were taken care of, fed if necessary, given jobs, and made absolutely dependent on the government. When the war came it was natural for the Germans to reason: "The Kaiser has given us this and that. Life under him has been very comfortable. We desire to preserve the Fatherland that has given us that. So we fight." And Prussianism collected. For that was the thought behind the paternalistic Prussianized state; it was to make people efficient and absolutely loyal; and in the background was the war machine, waiting for the day. As the German army became mightier, as their navy grew, their sabers began to rattle. The very efficiency of German industry was harnessed to the war machine. Any factory, so constructed in peace that it could be swiftly converted to the needs of war, received extra rebates from the Imperial railroads. Foods and every kind of war raw material was put away in Imperial storehouses, replenished when spoiled, for "Der Tag!" What the engineers and chemists were doing

in peace time a stunned world knew, when with war came liquid-fire, chlorine-gas, super-guns, super-airships. Industry had been producing those things in peace time. That was one of the purposes for Prussianized paternalized industry.

PROSPERITY UNDER PRUSSIANISM

This prosperity of Germany under Prussianism, it is vitally important to consider. From 1880, when it began, up to the outbreak of war, the Imperial debt increased 1,223 per cent. The navy debt increased 1,054 per cent, the army 152 per cent and the cost of living 115 per cent. This was an average increase of 643 per cent. To meet this increase, wages had increased only 31 per cent. The Imperial government was rushing to bankruptcy.

From 1905 to 1914 the deficit grew every year by \$115,000,000. The Imperial debt of \$1,000,000,000 at the outbreak of the war did not include the debts of Bavaria and other states which should have been included, for the Bavarian army and all the other armies were a part of the Imperial army. Germany was on the edge of bankruptcy in 1914. Her prosperity was artificial. It was being paid for out of the Imperial pocket. Paternalism costs money. The price for taking care of the people and getting absolute loyalty was high.

Public expenditures are met in two ways, by taxation or by indemnity. The mass of the German people had been taxed all they could stand; even dogs and flower boxes in windows were taxed. Despite this taxation the deficit every year was growing greater; still there was a chance. The fortunes of the rich could be heavily taxed to replenish the Imperial treasury. The Socialists wanted these fortunes taxed. So did the Kaiser. The owners of these fortunes—and their influence was powerful—fought the big taxation plan that the Kaiser tried to put through in 1914 to avert bankruptcy. They demanded that Germany fill up the treasury by immediately turning loose the war machine, collecting a big indemnity, and incidentally achieving the first step

toward the goal of Prussianism—which is German dominion and influence sprawled across the earth. *The plan was to get to Paris by a certain day; there to sign peace articles and collect an indemnity of \$7,000,000,000—all by January of 1915. I learned that in Berlin. And England would have been next—and we after England.*

Imperial Germany has shown that it seeks conquest. It is against the spirit of democracy. With democracy in Germany, Prussianism could not exist. Democracy is despised by Prussianism. The Kaiser hates democracy. He has the autocrat's fear of the spread of it to his own people. So the democracies of the world are hated by Imperial Germany. That is what President Wilson meant when he said: "The world must be made safe for democracy." That is why we have pledged ourselves to continue this war until the spirit of Prussianism is destroyed; because that spirit is hard and cruel. It will see none but its own viewpoint. To attain its ends, it will do anything. While it exists in the world, peace is impossible. It is the motive power for Pan-Germanism. We are fighting to bring about such a condition in the Teutonic Empires—for the war has Prussianized Austro-Hungary, the Balkans and Turkey—that they will be able to sit in a council of nations, and pledge themselves to keep peace and play the game fair. That is what the President meant when he said that no autocracy could be trusted. Our war is a fight for an ideal; we are fighting to create a condition of democracy that will make a lasting peace. No Crusader in white ever went to war more unselfishly than we have done.

WHAT OUR RAILROADS CAN DO

H. DEWISSEN

NOTE: The author of this article, who has interviewed some of the biggest railroad men in America, deems it advisable to use a pen name. But the facts are undisguised, and speak for themselves.

PRESENT EQUIPMENT

Locomotives, steam and electric.....	65,000
Passenger Cars.....	55,000
Flat Cars, for artillery, wagons, etc.....	145,000
Coal Cars.....	900,000
Box Cars, for troops and supplies.....	1,041,000
Refrigerator Cars.....	53,000
Other Cars, of various types.....	500,000

ACCIDENT, certainly not design—for the railroads of the United States were developed for purposes of peace—has placed them in such relations to the centers of population, commerce, and manufacturing that they will constitute the most vital part in our defensive military operations. As the Declaration of War has united them all under Government direction, it is interesting to consider just how much of an asset these railroads represent to the country in war plans.

THE ATLANTIC COAST

If a line is drawn on the map of the United States south from Cleveland, Ohio, 40 per cent of the population of the United States will be found east of that line. In that territory are nearly all the munition plants, three of the principal navy yards, the capital of the nation, most of the principal cities, more than half the manufactories, all the large anthracite fields and half the bituminous coal fields, large deposits of minerals and oils, and one thousand miles of seaboard, any portion of which might be made the objective of a landing force from Europe. This rich territory would be subject to attack if an attempt were made to invade us. It would be impossible to tell in advance at what point the attack would

be made. It might be from the Maine coast, or an army might be landed on sparsely settled Cape Cod and march on Boston. The transports and their convoys might break through the cordon of war vessels guarding our greatest city and attack New York by way of Long Island. They might strike at Baltimore, hoping to capture the national capital, forty miles away, and plunge westward to cut the country in two. The attack might be made still farther south. To repel them would require an army anywhere from 100,000 to 1,000,000, with artillery and full equipment, deposited at any place along the coast within twenty-four or forty-eight hours.

To meet that emergency, the railroads have at least eight tracks all the way from Boston to Washington. Some of them are along the coast all the way. Others are farther inland, where they would still be available if the first should be captured or put out of commission by a sudden coup of the enemy. Using only half the tracks in one direction, and leaving the others free for the return of empty cars to clear the terminals, this gives four tracks, over each of which two trains an hour could be dispatched, every one carrying a regiment of soldiers with all equipment. Thus an army of 200,000 men could be moved along the Atlantic coast from Boston to Washington in twenty-four hours. Within forty-eight hours of the time the first trainload started from Boston, the last could be in Washington, allowing for accidents and delays. In ten days 1,000,000 men and equipment could be transported from one point to the other, or to any intermediate spot. *Mobility of such a high degree would have turned the tide in the opening of any hostilities in the history of the world.*

South of Washington, the railroads can offer at least four separate continuous tracks to Florida, one line running to the very tip of the peninsula at Key West. While the east coast would probably bear the brunt of an invasion, men and supplies must be brought from the West and Southwest. Between the coast and the Mississippi River there is a splendid network of railways with a dozen through lines.

Running to Chicago are at least eight direct tracks, besides three railroads from New York to Buffalo that may be connected with Michigan roads over Canadian routes or by means of Lake Erie. These would be invaluable in bringing food from the great Northwest and minerals from the Lake Superior region, besides their importance in transporting soldiers and equipment from Western mobilization camps. There are six railroads from Chicago that connect at Council Bluffs, Iowa, with the Union Pacific for the Coast.

THE PACIFIC COAST

The Union Pacific is the only railroad in the country which was encouraged by the Government with a view to its military value. It was strongly urged by President Buchanan. The road is double-tracked nearly all the way to Ogden, Utah. From there it can be converted into a double track by utilizing the Western Pacific, which parallels it. The Santa Fe owns a direct line from Chicago to Los Angeles and up the coast to San Francisco and down to the Mexican border. The Santa Fé is double-tracked much of the way. The Southern Pacific extends east as far as New Orleans, where it is connected with the Eastern coast by the Southern Railway. In the North there are three strong railroad systems extending from Chicago to the coast. So there are no less than eight continuous lines across the continent, with such a network of laterals that it would be practically impossible for the enemy to cut them all off. Railroading presents greater difficulties west of the Mississippi, but every one of these lines could be depended on for ten trains a day, each carrying a regiment of men and equipment. This probably would not be required, as by far the greater part of the troops needed on the Atlantic coast would come from east of the Mississippi. They would be employed bringing food and supplies—California fruit and vegetables direct, and Western cattle, sheep and hogs to the packing-houses of Kansas City and Chicago, where they would be transformed into food products and forwarded on East.

On the west coast there is one continuous stretch of

track near the shore, and another farther inland, from the Mexican border to the northern end of California, while a line some distance from the coast continues northward to Puget Sound, connecting with the rail networks of Oregon and Washington. While the great desert stretches and mountain difficulties have prevented the development of all the coastwise rail facilities which might be desired, there are interior detours safely sheltered behind the Rocky Mountains which would be valuable auxiliary routes. An invasion would be difficult except at or near the great ports, and these are served by east and west lines so well that large forces could be rushed across the continent to meet almost any emergency.

In all, the united railroads of the country can offer the government 257,000 miles of railway lines, as many miles of steel rails as there are miles of highway outside the large cities. All these roads are connected and all capable of unified, effective operation.

THE LESSON OF MEXICO

In moving the first 100,000 troops to the Mexican border last summer, the equipment used in 350 trains, over distances varying from 600 to 3,000 miles, consisted of:

4,900 locomotives	1,300 box cars
3,900 passenger cars	800 flat cars
2,000 stock cars	400 baggage cars

This was only a small portion of the total equipment. Not only was little or no equipment taken out of the regular train service, but passenger and freight traffic, at their height at that season of the year, were not interfered with, and there was no congestion or delay at any point. If it becomes necessary, regular traffic will be shoved aside as has generally been done on the continent of Europe in the last three years.

Of course it would be impossible to use all the immense amount of rolling stock of all the American railroads at any

one point. By rough calculation, the locomotives and cars in the United States constantly occupy between 50,000 and 60,000 miles of track. Only a small proportion of them are in use at any one time—the freight cars in the country, for instance, traveling about one hour in twenty on an average. One of the great efficiency problems being worked out is how to keep the engines and cars moving in well scattered territory, each contributing its share to the general movement of troops, equipment, and supplies, and getting back to its starting point without impeding the other cars coming in the same direction. This is where the centrally organized railway body will be of the utmost service. In co-operation with the military authorities they will plan the transportation campaign to meet every contingency, dividing the traffic among the roads so as to keep the terminals and junctions clear and the cars and engines working as many hours a day as is possible.

OTHER LESSONS

A great lesson was learned by the government and the railroads in the Spanish-American war. Before that time there had been little opportunity to develop the military use of railroads. A few lines were used in the Civil War, which was the first real demonstration of the military efficiency of rail lines. Equipment, especially in the South, where all the operations took place, was of the crudest. Yet even as far back as the Civil War the coup of Stonewall Jackson in capturing eight locomotives of the Baltimore & Ohio and diverting them to the service of the Confederacy was one of the greatest advantages gained by the South in the early days of the Rebellion. Frail, spidery bridges, and light rails that undulated with the weight of the primitive little locomotives and box cars of the day, enabled the great Southern tactician to swing his forces to strategic points in a way that was the despair of his opponents. To-day, the railways are ballasted to carry the heaviest loads that can be placed upon them. They have engines that can roll rapidly up a grade with 10,000 tons behind them. Instead of the old disconnected sec-

tions with varying gauge, they have physical connection with standard tracks. The unifying committee with ample authority eliminates all junction delays and misunderstandings. Even the interruptions of traffic incidental to war are provided for.

AN EXAMPLE OF WHAT CAN BE DONE

The Dayton flood of 1913 washed out or disabled every road running into the city and left a population of 125,000 cut off from the world and facing death from exposure and starvation. All Central and Southern Ohio were paralyzed by the rushing waters. Bridges were washed out in all directions for miles. Yet within forty-eight hours the railroads had relief trains within accessible distance from the sufferers. Within a short time after the waters had receded, railway traffic was being handled as before. Meantime, three great east and west trunk lines passing through the stricken district were obliged to divert their trains over another road, outside the flood zone. The road, among the busiest in the world in normal times, accepted the additional burden and carried it without serious impediment.

It is in view of these things that the railroad committee on defense is working with the military authorities. In this they have the lessons of transportation in the European war to go by; but even the railroad problems of that war are being worked out largely by Americans. It was an American citizen that taught the Germans how to transport artillery, service wagons, and animals quickly and efficiently. It is an American railroad man, trained in handling the New York commuter rush, who is systematizing the transportation of British troops to and from mobilization camps. More than 1,400,000 railroad men trained to systematic co-operation are looking forward to the opportunity of serving their country in this war. When the time comes, the American railroads will show what they can do.

HOLLAND, WRIGHT, LEWIS, & COMPANY

INVENTORS AND PURVEYORS EXTRAORDINARY
TO THE GOVERNMENTS OF THE WORLD
IN ACCOUNT WITH *Uncle Sam*

(*Talks With Three Big Munition Men*)

H. THOMPSON RICH

WE have opened a new account. The war has compelled us to bank heavily upon three American inventions we forced to Europe for first recognition. Within the last few weeks the Government has placed orders for 38 submarines, 3500 aeroplanes, and 6000 machine guns. And now comes the news that Congress has voted \$640,000,000 to win the war in the air, and is talking seriously of spending \$2,500,000,000 on coast defense—which means submarines and machine guns, as well as big rifles.

Holland, Wright, Lewis. They are magic names. And behind them are ideas which have so revolutionized modern warfare that the 1914-and-after article no more resembles the old-fashioned variety than common powder resembles trinitrotoluol.

SUBMARINES

J. P. Holland designed the first successful submarine, over in Paterson, New Jersey, amid the clatter and roar of silk factories; and after a long struggle, he finally won the support of Isaac L. Rice, the financier, who backed the project and saw it through. The result was the *Holland*, launched in 1900.

This craft, by its successful performance, won quick favor abroad. England, France, Russia, Japan, and Germany immediately began laying plans for Holland-type boats. The United States was the only large nation that held back. Here was a weapon that could cruise like a battleship, dive like a fish, and rise suddenly to deliver a death-blow at some unsuspecting enemy. But Uncle Sam refused to acknowledge

its possibilities, during all the years that Europe was eagerly taking it up. What few under-surface boats our Government did acquire were more for experimental purposes than anything else, and utterly inadequate to the task of helping defend our 3,000 miles of coastline. Yet our manufacturers during those years were turning out quantities of submarines for foreign governments, craft unexcelled anywhere in the world. The Submarine Boat Company recently built ten submersibles for a European Power, of a type in advance even of Germany's latest U-boats.

By the time the war came, Europe had over 400 submarines, all up-to-date; while we had but 27, only nine of which were modern. Now, after three years of it, with the demand for these craft far greater than the supply—which is enormous—heaven alone knows how many submarines are in commission abroad. The Central Powers are authentically reported to have over 500, and it is well known the Allies are not far behind them. Yet in those three years of fiery experience, Uncle Sam has not added over four boats to his sub-surface fleet—and more than that number have been wrecked or scrapped. So as far as submarines are concerned, we are worse off than we were in 1914.

The fact that the Government has ordered 38 of these boats to be built at once, and that there are something like 77 more under construction, is promising. But getting them built is quite another matter. With the major portion of the big naval program not even under way; with the immediate and pressing need for 1,000 merchant ships confronting our builders; with structural steel at a premium,—with these and other gigantic problems of quick preparation for war to face, it is seen at once that the manufacturer is up against a stiff proposition. The fact that we should have begun three years ago does not help us now. We have *got* to build these boats, no matter what obstacles stand in the way. Moreover, we have got to build many more like them in the next couple of years. The foremost naval authorities have shown that we need 300 submarines to properly wage this war.

Of all the weapons that went into the great world

struggle, the submarine entered most clouded in doubt. It was a dark horse. But like many another dark horse, it has come through a winner. Those who had their money up on it wear broad smiles. Those who were afraid to bet are going around grumbling. Europe put her money up and won. America kept her money in her pocket. It is not hard to guess who is doing the grumbling.

AEROPLANES

Consider aeroplanes for a moment. These, too, are an American invention. Everyone has heard of the Wright brothers, of their early experiments with kites and gliding machines at Dayton, Ohio, and of their further experiments at Kittyhawk, North Carolina, where they actually flew.

The Wrights were patriotic Americans. They offered their invention to the Government, just as Holland had done. And as in his case, Washington rejected the idea. Then, after a hard fight for funds, they built two or three more machines and went to Europe. That was in 1908. In the same year, and in the early part of 1909, flights of so successful a character were made that the French Government became interested. The brothers then returned to America, and again offered the United States authorities the idea. This time they were successful. Uncle Sam, having been "shown," turned around and bought back from France the basic patents of the machine, and it was officially adopted by the Government.

But having something adopted and getting Congress to appropriate funds for construction are two entirely different things. Up until 1914 we had less than 100 planes, while Europe had over 1,000 and was acquiring more at the utmost capacity of her factories. Once again, Europe had picked a dark horse. Once again, America had kept her money in her pocket.

American manufacturers had not been asleep though. Ever since and even before the war broke out, they had been busy developing new ideas in engines and planes. The Wright-Martin Aeroplane Company recently delivered 450

Hispana-Suisa engines to France—a type developed right here in the United States, that is the equal of any aeroplane engine made. Moreover, some of the very latest British and French models, capable of making over 150 miles an hour, were designed in this country.

MACHINE GUNS

Then there is the matter of machine guns. We have enough of the heavy Benet Mercie types. It is the light, air-cooled, 600-shot-a-minute Lewis model that we need. General Sir Douglas Haig, David Lloyd George, and many others have come out openly and said it is the best gun in the world. And the war has proved that they are right. Over 80,000 are in use on the Western front alone, and have been one of the dominant factors there.

The Lewis gun, too, is an American invention. Colonel Lewis, in 1911, brought a hand-made model to Washington and exhibited it. It proved a revelation, yet nothing happened. He then went away and built four complete guns, at his own expense. These he brought to Washington and exhibited in 1912. A number of remarkable performances were made before the Secretary of War and officers of the Army, the gun firing United States service ammunition. A little later, an equally remarkable showing was made at the Signal Corps Aviation School at College Park, Maryland, when the gun was fired from an aeroplane in flight. This was the first time a machine gun had ever been so fired from an aeroplane.

After these tests, Colonel Lewis formally presented the gun to the Board of Ordnance and Fortification. And once again, as in the cases of Holland and the Wrights, the Government rejected an American invention that was afterwards to find recognition in Europe and return to us with the laurel of foreign praise.

When Colonel Lewis went abroad, in January of 1913, he took with him the four guns he had made for Government demonstration. These guns found instant favor on the Continent, and among other triumphs, Belgium took them up and

the *Armes Automatique Lewis* was formed. This company immediately undertook the manufacture of the American gun at Liege. But the work was soon removed to the Birmingham Small Arms Company, England, where operations were begun on a large scale.

When the war came, practically the entire capacity of the Birmingham plant was turned over to making Lewis guns. And the British Government, with both Lewis and Vickers factories open to them, have produced at least six times as many Lewis as Vickers guns. In fact, the demand for this gun has been so great that the Savage Arms Company, an American firm, has been called to the aid of the Birmingham plant, and has been supplying Lewis guns to Great Britain at the rate of from 300 to 400 a week. A large Lewis gun factory has also been started in France.

Yet until our trouble with Mexico arose recently, Uncle Sam had only one of these guns, the original model. When the southern border became turbulent, Washington saw that Lewis guns were going to be needed. The Government, therefore, borrowed from Canada 350 Lewis guns, firing British ammunition. It was these guns that sent the Mexicans about their business.

But still we failed to act, in spite of the fact that in the spring of 1916 the Savage Company submitted one of the Lewis guns firing United States ammunition to a severe test at Springfield Arsenal, the result of which was entirely satisfactory. This was followed by the still more severe Plattsburg test, in which the Lewis gun competed for the first time in America against the Benet-Mercie, with the result that all doubt of Lewis superiority was removed. Yet a year went by, and just the other day came the first order, for 6,000. Of these, only half are for the Army. The rest are for the other branches of the service.

That 6,000 Lewis guns is all right for a starter. But even provided they can be turned out in record time, they are insufficient for the army we are planning to send to Europe. Military men are agreed that the proper number of these guns needed is not under 25,000.

Only a few years ago the submarine, aeroplane, and machine gun were still in the experimental stage. Now they are accepted standards of warfare, and the industries resultant from them represent an investment of billions of dollars, giving employment to whole armies of men. In so short a time as the duration of the war, these weapons have demonstrated conclusively in battle the stern stuff that American inventive genius is made of, and have justified their backers' confidence ten times over.

WHAT MR. SUTPHEN SAID

I went to see Vice-President Sutphen of the Submarine Boat Company the other day. I wanted to ask him if our manufacturers would be able to supply the United States with enough submarines, at short notice, to win the war. I wanted to find out whether we had delayed too long, or whether there was still time.

"It is late enough," said Mr. Sutphen, "but not too late. The great problems of a hurry-up job are organization and standardization. If the Government gives us the large order that we are hoping for, we will guarantee to break all records. But we cannot perform magic.

"Germany is said to turn out submarines at the rate of three a week. Well, that is rather good. But the submarine companies of the United States, working in unison, could turn them out at the rate of one a day. This assertion is positively so, and is based upon actual past performances. For instance, a British engineer, visiting this country in the interests of his Government, asked our company if we were prepared to build submarine chasers in large numbers. The boats in question are craft with a length of 80 feet, a beam of $12\frac{1}{2}$ feet, a speed of 19 knots per hour, a draught of only $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and a displacement of but 30 tons. We replied that we could turn out such craft by the hundreds, provided we were given a big contract so that we could do everything in wholesale quantities. The English engineer went back and reported to his Government what we had said. As a result, an order for 550 boats was placed. These 550 boats

were turned out and delivered to the British Government, complete from anchor-ropes to gun-mounts, in less than 550 days.

“ The problems that had to be overcome in producing this remarkable record are the same problems which would arise in building large numbers of submarines for the United States Government. For example, take the problem of standardization. In the building of these 550 boats a single boat was first built, according to carefully drawn plans. Then this boat was taken to pieces and 550 counterparts made for each part. When the fact is taken into consideration that each boat contained over 500,000 separate parts, the magnitude of the task becomes apparent. Think of producing 25,000,000 separate parts! It meant the organization of thousands of laborers, the gathering together of whole forests of lumber.

“ The first thing we did was to erect a huge plant on the shore of Levis, Canada. There our men blasted a foundation in the solid rock and set up their factory, covering over 30 acres. They then proceeded to mobilize 12,000 workmen. Next, they began looking about for material. The minor problems that presented themselves at this point were very trying. For example, from 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 board feet of timber were required for hull construction. We got experts and set them searching for this lumber. Contrary to rumors that there was not sufficient timber in the country, they found that there was an enormous quantity of fine wood to be had, provided one knew where to look for it. From a single mill in Virginia, came 4,000,000 feet of the very best hard oak.

“ Then there was the problem of metal—a problem which in submarine construction will assume even greater magnitude than it did with the chasers. After a search all over Canada and the United States, mines and factories were found that could produce the desired steel and bronze, and were taken over.

“ There was also the very great problem of assembling the raw material once it had been gathered. Special sec-

tions or gangs of men were formed to lay decks, others to put together engines, others to hammer down interior planking, others to adjust brass fittings, and so forth. In all, 50 distinct gangs were employed.

"But perhaps the greatest problem was getting these boats safely to England, through the submarine-infested Atlantic. Remember, they were 80 feet long. One steamer could accommodate only four on each trip. Moreover, every boat had to be given an exacting individual deep-sea trial before shipment. Yet in spite of all difficulties, the boats were delivered safe and sound inside of eight months, or four months below the allotted time limit. Moreover, every single boat exceeded the pre-requisite speed of 19 knots."

Mr. Sutphen, who designed and built these 550 boats, is confident that he can not only duplicate the record with submarines but can better it. But one thing is required. The Government must place its order all at one time for the total number of boats it is going to need. Only in this way can the principles of rapid shipbuilding be put into operation.

WHAT MR. MARTIN SAID

Mr. Martin, President of the Wright-Martin Aeroplane Company, expressed much the same views as Mr. Sutphen, when I asked him about the condition of the industry with regard to a big United States war order, with particular regard to the 3,500 machines just given by the Government and the \$640,000,000 recently appropriated.

"We can turn out those machines at the rate of 600 a month," said Mr. Martin. "The great problem is to get enough experienced workmen. It takes 80 men one week to make a single aeroplane. We have at present 12,800 men. If we had 20,000 to 30,000 men, we could manufacture aeroplanes in somewhat the proportion they do in England, where the Government last year turned them out at the rate of 1,000 a week. Such a feat is largely getting your men, and working them at maximum efficiency.

"We are prepared. Although the nation has been

unprepared from the very beginning of the war, yet American manufacturing concerns such as ours have brought themselves to a very high point of efficiency through foreign orders. This industrial preparedness is one of the things that is going to save the day."

WHAT MR. WRIGHT SAID

I asked Mr. Wright of the Savage Arms Company the same questions I had asked Mr. Sutphen and Mr. Martin: Had the United States waited too long? Or was there still time?

"The Government has certainly waited a long while," said Mr. Wright," especially in the matter of Lewis guns. That order the other day for 6,000 was the first we have ever received from Washington. It will keep our factories at maximum speed for some time to come. But it won't worry us at all, for we are well prepared to handle a much larger order. As a matter of fact, we expect a larger order soon. For an army of 500,000 men will require 20,000 guns of the Lewis type. The British Army is made up of companies of 250 men. There are 10,000 of these companies on the firing line, or 2,500,000 men in all. And each company is equipped with eight Lewis guns. That makes 80,000 of these weapons in operation. Of these we furnished 13,000—10,000 on a single order. The British manufacturers supplied the rest.

"We furnished these 13,000 guns at the rate of 1,600 a month, or over 50 guns a day. We could furnish the United States with 15,000 guns the first year, provided they would authorize us. And after the first year, having acquired the organization, we would be able to turn out these guns in quantities that would supply every demand. But we can't have that big order we are looking for sprung on us at the last minute, and expect to come across with a record. We are organized—but our business is like any other business, a matter of careful calculation and deliberate planning. When we 'take a chance' we know what we are doing. It looks like a gamble to the outsider, but it is as safe as buying

a Liberty Bond to us. The miracles American manufacturers accomplish are in reality not miracles at all. They are romantic facts.

"You can't turn out a Lewis gun in a day, or a week, or a month. It takes nine months from the day one is begun to the day it leaves the factory. Each gun consists of 62 separate parts. This is a small number compared to other machine guns, but it involves an enormous amount of detail. One of the tests to which we subject all our guns is absolute interchangeability of parts. Every part of every gun must be so exactly like the corresponding part of every other gun, that on the largest order every single gun could be taken apart and the parts piled in a heap, then re-assembled at random—whereupon every gun would be just exactly as finely adjusted a piece of mechanism as it was before it was taken apart, though no two parts might be in the same position regarding each other as they were before.

"Moreover, these guns contain no screws but are equipped throughout with catch-locks, and can be taken apart and re-assembled by the employment of as simple a thing as a cartridge. This feature alone, so valuable on the battlefield, where intricate tools would not be found, necessitates the most painstaking workmanship.

"Also, the quality of steel employed in a weapon which can be speeded up to fire and eject 800 times a minute must be of the very best. Nothing but the hardest Valadium nickel-steel is employed. For these and other more technical reasons, the Lewis gun cannot be turned out in large quantities upon short notice except when backed by a big order. When the Government says 'go ahead!' and comes across with what we are waiting for, then we will show the country what we can do."

PREPARED—AND WAITING

The sentiments voiced by these three men are strikingly similar. But that is not remarkable. Other manufacturers have voiced similar sentiments. The rest would say the same

thing. One and all, American manufacturers are awake and prepared. They are ready to produce the goods.

We have called American inventive genius to our aid. Give it a chance and it will do all we ask, but not unaided. Neither will American manufacturing genius accomplish miracles, alone. Neither will our vast national resources, of themselves, save the day. But co-operation and co-ordination, practised by manufacturers and the Government alike, will bring us through this war on top.

We have Great Britain's and France's mistakes to profit from. They thought they would go slow, with the result that they are still fighting, when the war might by this time have been won. We are not up against the tail end of the thing. We are right in the thickest part of it. "Preparedness" as an issue is dead. But as an idea it was never liver. We have *got* to prepare. But, as in anything else, there are two ways of doing it—half way, and all the way.

Haven't we had enough half way measures?

DRAWN HOME

(In Memoriam)

H. P. FITZGERALD MARRIOTT

Where Amalfi ever bathes her white feet in the tideless blue of the Mediterranean, the little cargo ships are drawn high up on the beach. When they take the water, as they gracefully slide down dipping their prow, they unfold their sails as if endowed with the life of some great bird swimming slowly out to sea. But when at evening one of them returns, and very gently glides to the beach in the little bay with her sails lowered and the rigging bare, the darkness gathering under the mighty rocks above, and the brightness in the western sky still fading, there is borne irresistibly upon one's mind the impression that it is the voyage of a troubled and glorious life that is at length now ended in peace.

DRAWN home into the haven of her rest,
Sails furled, stately, bare-masted, strangely lone!
Naught hinders now, the troubled sea is past;
The sun down-sinking low, her voyage finished,
Calm waters take her dark yet lit-up form.

Strange that a life should seem to him as such;
Strange that the clouds should sadly glower o'er
This thing of man that almost has a soul;
Man's most beautiful creation, most like unto his own
strange careworn life.

Now may the surf break on the confines of that calm, she is
at rest;
Now may the deep-toned waves roar on the cold bare rocks
around her bed;
The evening clouds grow darker as the sun sinks lower on
the world;
And night comes; darkness for those still left
To battle with the fickle ocean's musical and strange deep
waves.

THE ARMY OF FRANCE

BARTON BLAKE

One cause in particular has raised France to this pitch: the Revolution has awakened all powers and given each power a suitable field of activity. What infinite possibilities sleep in the womb of the nation!—Field-Marshal Count von Gnesenau of Prussia.

“OF all great modern nations, France has been most deeply imbued with love of military glory.”

The man who wrote that sentence 15 years ago as part of a message to America, went farther in his teachings at home; he contended that all forms of patriotism were a delusion for the worker, who would be as well off under one “capitalistic” government as another. These teachings, violently phrased, cost the teacher over ten years’ freedom, and purchased for him an equal period of residence in the prisons of France.

That teacher’s name is Gustave Hervé, and sometime after we find him setting up a weekly newspaper and naming it *La Guerre Sociale*. He was editing this fiery organ of international socialism when the war came to France in 1914. And what was the war’s reaction upon this untamable revolutionary? Why, he changed the name of his paper *The Social War* to *The Victory!* and made it a daily—so that his subscribers might read his flamingly patriotic editorials seven times a week, yet Citizen Hervé remained an anti-militarist in spite of this apparent about-face. As he protested to me one day last fall, sitting in his modest apartment in the rue de Vaugirard: “I am as much a foe of militarism as ever—even more so, since we Frenchmen now have better reasons to hate organized brute force. Don’t mistake me, however. Anti-militarism doesn’t mean mental and moral mushiness; ‘non-resistance’ and ‘peace-at-any-price’ aren’t synonyms for anti-militarism. No ideal is very real or very dear that you are not willing to fight for, if need be. We French anti-militarists have not in the past chosen our part because it is a soft way of shirking disagreeable duties, but because we have certain unshakable convictions; we are willing to suffer, and even to fight, for our ideal. Today the only sen-

sible way of being anti-militarist is to shoulder a gun and help smash the Prussians. That must be our beginning if we are ever to bring to pass the International Union—the United States of the World.”

“DAS VOLK IM WAFFEN”

Not always has such an ideal animated the Army of France. Yet Nationalism must necessarily precede internationalism (if there is ever to be such a thing) and France it was that first of all modern European States developed nationalism and an approximately national army. Though Mirabeau, a century before Treitschke and his school crossed the t of tyranny and dotted the i's of militarism, rightly characterized Prussia as the country whose “chief industry was war,” it is in one sense true, quite as Field-Marshal Baron Von der Goltz wrote, that “the French Revolution marks the commencement of the present era of the conduct of war”; that the Revolution which freed France from feudalism also taught Europe the possibilities of a truly national army. For the army of the First French Republic, the army which repelled the charge of all Europe against the French frontiers, was, like no earlier army in history, a “nation in arms.”

It was only because the entire nation rose in self-defence that the emergent democracy of France could meet the attack of all her enemies, and the power developed by free France came to be, under Prussian adaptation, the instrument of universal impoverishment, reaction, cruelty, oppression, and hate.

Not the Revolution alone was Prussia's Instructor. There was also Bonaparte, heir of that Revolution, one part of whose political philosophy was summed up in his own sayings: “Revolution is the soldier's heyday” and “Democracy raises up Sovereignty; Aristocracy alone preserves it.”

“Napoleon,” wrote Von der Goltz in our own time, “standing at the commencement of a new period, taught what war in its unfettered form could accomplish. Upon his

principles our modern ideas are still mainly based. He recalled to the world's mind the previous instruction of Prussia's great king, Frederick." Therefore we mark in Napoleon the *funeste* fusion of Parvenu and Reactionary. And France, of course, was his primary victim.

Napoleon, the Revolution's heir, was still more truly the Revolutionary Army's highest professional product; and that army was, in part, an heritage of the age when France had a ruling class—a class descended from its ancient feudal lords, whose natural career was that of arms and whose right was dominion.

Before the 14th Century, the King of France could call to arms none but his own immediate vassals. The medieval system of *francs archers* drawn from the villages in wartime may be said to have been the earliest form of French militia, but after Louis XI we hear no more from the *francs archers*. On the other hand, we see each parish furnishing Louis XIV with its militiaman—chosen, at first, by a local vote; later, by lot from among all the countrymen subject to the draft—that is, from all the bachelors and childless widowers. In the 18th Century, the militia made up an organized reserve for the active army. Under war conditions, the "provincial regiments" of militia were incorporated in various regiments of the first line, repairing their wastage. And note that this militia was drawn from village and countryside—not from the towns and cities that were in a better position to oppose the draft.

OUR ALLIES OF '78

Americans are naturally interested in the reforms of the French military organization by the Comte de Saint-Germain, War Minister of Louis XVI from 1775-1777, for he adapted more than one Prussian idea (some of his officers and men protesting loudly against "barbarous punishments, taken from the codes of foreign nations") and it was he who invited Baron Von Steuben from Berlin to Paris and later sent him to America to help George Washington lick his

ragged troops into some sort of shape. If, however, Edmund Burke was right in asserting that by 1775 France had fallen, "with regard to effective military power," from first to fifth place, in spite of possessing an army of certainly not less than 160,000 officers and men, it was high time to take radical measures with the French army, too. On the eve of the Revolution, service was a matter of four years, with the option of reenlistment for the same, or a double, period. Service in the militia was set at six years. In the regular army the French private soldier was by this time paid six cents a day—a handsome rate if we consider the greater purchasing power of money in those days, and then compare that six cents with the present scale of pay in European armies! But if they were thus regally paid, privates could seldom rise from the ranks. Ten years before the Great Revolution it was decreed that no one should hold a captaincy whose family had not been noble for at least four generations.

And yet two facts stand out in regard to the French army at the moments of our, and their own, Revolutions: during our Revolution French discipline must have been much improved, since one of the officers sent to America to guarantee American freedom boasted that he could bivouac his men in a Yankee orchard and they would not so much as rob the trees, and these same officers and men, returning to France, contributed to the growing sentiment for the reform and liberalisation of French institutions.

WHAT THE REVOLUTION DID WITH THE ARMY

The Great Revolution brought its changes in the army, too.

First of all, the Constituent Assembly raised the pay in the regular establishment, and opened up to the rank and file the prospect of commissions—a prospect broadened, as the Revolution progressed, by field service, and by the fact that not a few of the old officers proved more faithful to their king and class than to the revolutionized nation. The *Constituante* also withdrew from the King his power to name officers other than the Commander-in-chief and the Marshals. Then

came the abolition of the militia—though the Convention ultimately called upon the Communes to furnish men. The standing army was retained practically intact: an army made up, theoretically at least, of volunteers. The nomination of subalterns by officers of their own rank, or by the privates, was now tolerated. The principles of universal military service was frankly declared in the law governing the National Guard—that popular innovation which, for a time, Lafayette himself, full of enthusiasm for liberty, commanded. In the National Guard most of the officers were elected. The Guard's chief duty was the "maintenance of public order," but detachments of it might be, and were, called out against an invader. The National Guard, in its reincarnations, did not pass out of existence till 1871. *The essential point in its history is the acceptance of the principle that every citizen owes the State service as called for; and the insistence upon this principle on the part of a people which, passing through violent revolution, nevertheless avoided that sophistry dear to modern egoists and "radicals," the denial that there can be any such thing as an unpleasant duty. The reality of the French Revolution consists, in great measure, in these simple facts—so often skipped by picturesque historians.*

"AND FRANCE IS SAVED!"

The Revolution even more effectively established compulsory and universal service by a Law of the Directory—the law of the 6th Fructidor of the year VI. Frenchmen from 20 to 25 years of age (termed *defenseurs conscrits*) were divided into five classes. These young men were liable to four years' active service. No class was to be called till the reservoir of younger men, beginning at 20, had been emptied.

"We have never accepted the Terror," writes Edouard Herriot, long-time Mayor of Lyons, also Senator from the Rhône, and an ex-Minister of State; "but let us recall the frightful situation of France in 1793: the Spanish entrenched in our department of the Eastern Pyrenees; the English holding Toulon and laying siege to Dunkirk; the Austrians mas-

ters of the Condé and of Valenciennes; the Prussians pushing our troops back in Alsace. 'The Republic is no more than a great city beleaguered,' declared a member of the Convention. Yet at the same time it saved the country, the Convention gave France the modern organization by which, ever since, it has lived."

In the last three years, more than one Frenchman has, like M. Herriot, echoed Danton. Remember that in September, 1792, France was trembling for Verdun, even as one hundred and twenty-four years later. When Danton (Minister of Justice) mounted the tribune, "It is indeed a satisfaction," he began, "for the Ministers of a free people to announce to the people's representatives that their country will be saved. From one end of the country to the other, everyone in France is moved; everyone thrills; everyone burns for the combat. You know that Verdun is not yet in your enemy's power. You know that the garrison has sworn to die rather than surrender. The tocsin which it sounds will be heard throughout all France. Its ringing is not a signal of alarm—it is a charge against the enemies of our Motherland. To conquer, gentlemen, we must have audacity, more audacity, audacity forever—and France is saved!"

The victories of Napoleon may be more brilliant—his achievements were at any rate less noble—than those of the First Republic, which formed his first battalions. Napoleon cost his countrymen the lives of a million of their sons. Yet the sullen stupidity of his enemies (and France's), in their refusal to accept the Revolution, in their stubborn and wrong-headed restoration of the Bourbon Kings who had learned nothing and forgotten nothing (as if the clock of all France could be set back *and kept back!*) made Napoleon seem, not tyrant, but child and symbol of nationalism and of the Revolution—the victim of an alien tyranny. Set on his Rodin-esque pedestal of St. Helena, Napoleon became "a martyr and a hero, almost a god." And in glancing briefly at the French Army and its place in the nation we need not linger over the record of his successors—even though they waged war on Spain and laid the foundations for France's coloni-

zation of Northern Africa. Enough that the Bourbons did not live up to the spirit of the Charter of 1814 in its pledge that there should be no conscription. Under them, indeed, the term of military service was increased to six, and later to eight years, and they continued Napoleon's undemocratic system by which substitutes could be purchased.

The principle of *universal* military service (in war-time) was, moreover, definitely adopted by the pinchbeck militarists of the *Empire Libéral* (Feb. 1, 1868). This military law was by no means popular. Men still drew lots to learn whether or not they would serve in the peace-time army, and service was set at five long years. Men not drafted into the regular army were, in theory at least, mustered into the departmental *Garde Mobile*, roughly corresponding to America's State Militia; a force that played a brave but disappointing rôle in the tragedy of 1870-1871.

THE WAY OF THE THIRD REPUBLIC

Under the Third Republic, child of that tragedy, the increased pressure of the military system weighed least heavily, perhaps, upon the young men of the middle classes. These young men were, all the same, the most sensitive to that pressure, and voiced the loudest protests against serving. The band of antimilitarist agitators, before the war of 1914, included such a man as Urbain Gohier, editor of *L'Aurore* and author of "*L'Armée contre la Nation*," who, like Gustave Hervé, preached unqualified resistance to the ideal and practice of military duty—whereas the leading Socialist of France, Jean Jaurès, accepted the theory, but demanded a more democratic army, modeled in part upon the Swiss system, and a shorter term of military training.

"Antimilitarism," explained M. Gohier in an article of 1906, "is the product of compulsory military service." In 1870, Gohier goes on, France suffered a crushing defeat. To prepare for revenge or to guarantee the Republic a continued national existence, it became necessary to recruit huge battalions, and to adopt the system of the "nation in arms." This was accomplished by the Law of July 25, 1872.

Henceforth, every Frenchman was reckoned a soldier from the age of 20 to 45, and had to serve in barracks for five years.

"Sons of widows, eldest brothers of large families, young men who could pass a certain examination, or produce certain diplomas, and pay £60, had only to serve *one year*"—in peace. "Thus," writes M. Gohier, "the bourgeoisie conferred on themselves an enormous privilege." As we have seen, however, the Empire had gone much farther, in allowing purchased exemptions—as the North did in the American Civil War. Precedent for this—not to go back to the Old Régime—was found in the practice of the Restoration and of one of the Empires. The system of purchased substitutes was the weak spot in that high-sounding saying of Napoleon: "Conscription is an admirable national institution when it becomes a point of honor for which every citizen is jealous; then is the nation great, glorious, and strong; then is it that the nation can defy reverses, invasions—and even time." The military law of the Third Republic has at all times been more democratic, even when more onerous, than any other French Military Law since the Great Revolution.

In 1889, by the Law of July 15, compulsory service was reduced to three years, and the system of one year's service retained for students of a certain standing—without the payment of any fees. The fee under the Law of 1872 was supposed to cover uniform, equipment, etc.—the theory being that the young man who thus served was a "volunteer," and paid his own way. From 1889 onward the one-year clause favored only about 2000 students annually.

But perhaps the essential grievance of French socialists and Syndicalists lay in the fact that the army was used in maintaining public order in the time of great strikes. (The Socialists had pointed to Switzerland as a republic which maintained an army but was free from militarism—yet even in Switzerland the army had been used in strike-time.) More or less ironically, the ex-Socialist, Aristide Briand, was in power when a great railway strike was threatened, and met the situation by calling all railway employees to the colors,

and assigning them the duty of service on the railways of France! This broke the strike—and annoyed many Socialists.

“The Law of 1872 was a great misfortune for the army-worshippers,” wrote another antimilitarist in 1902: and gives as his reason, not the inequality of it but the fact that it *did* make military service obligatory even for the “educated and enlightened”—i. e., the youthful intellectuals. These superior young men strenuously objected to “the mechanical and stupefying exercises of the barracks, to the trained-dog parades they were obliged to undergo, to the brutalities of unbridled officers and all the foolishness and arrogance of drillmasters.” For these young men knew how to write. Once free, they howled out their grievances against the army that had “stolen” whole years from their eager young lives. From these experiences, these grievances, sprouted a great stream of antimilitary books and pamphlets. “While the comic papers caricatured the ‘Ramollot and Ronchonot’ of the barracks, while in his ‘Fifty-First Chasseurs’ Courteline turned to ridicule all the meanness and degradation of military life, Rescaves wrote with a pen dipped in gall his romance of a ‘Sous-Off,’ in which he pilloried the brutal and dishonest non-commissioned officers who, according to him, crawled through the French Army; and Darien wrote his ‘Biribi,’ painting the horrors of the military prison.” Coincidentally, or a little later, came Tolstoy’s pacifist romances and essays which attained a great vogue in France.

THE LOWEST EBB

At the opening of the present century two great political parties in France had turned their faces against the Army of the Republic: the Radicals and the Socialists. Already anticlerical, the Radicals were converted to antimilitarism by the Boulanger crisis and the Dreyfus affair. Said Hervé at about this time: “The Radicals began to notice the irreducible antagonism between the military spirit of passive obedience and the republican spirit. . . of free inquiry; between the régime of armed peace, which swallows up in

preparations for war a thousand millions every year, and the democratic republican régime, which demands material amelioration in the lot of the working class . . . The palmy days of the sword are numbered in France."

"But it is the Socialist party particularly which leads the assault," he added in 1902. "The Radical and Socialist parties . . . control two-fifths of the seats of the deputies and senators." For 15 years their power, that of the Socialists in particular, had been increasing. And Hervé, himself a dismissed college professor, praised the part played by the antimilitary school-teachers in moulding the Young France, and teaching suspicion and hatred of the army.

In 1905 the Republic, even more completely under the Socialist influence, legislated a further reduction in the term of military service. This was now set at two years for all alike. In August, 1913, however, in spite of bitter opposition on the part of Jean Jaurès and the internationalists, the term of service was again made three years. By 1913, even the coolest and most reluctant intelligences had pretty much given up trying to persuade themselves that Pan-Germanism and the fulminations of such a journalist as Maximilian Harden meant nothing, for every portent showed that war was only a question of months and of Germany's convenience: Germany's overwhelming war-preparations and expenditures, open as well as secret, left no doubt of that. The French Law of 1913 marked the culmination of France's effort to keep her "place in the sun" in spite of pacifist intentions at home and the fallen birth-rate which prohibited, even if French civilization did not forbid, the cult of aggression and the pursuit of military glory. France's army was organized under the law of 1913 when war came to her in 1914.

In 1911 Herr Harden, Bismarck's man, and the most notable of German journalists, was writing: "The hostile arrogance of the western powers releases us from all treaty obligations . . . and forces our Empire to revive the ancient Prussian policy of conquest . . . When we can put 5,000,000 German soldiers into the field we shall be able to dictate to France . . . France must learn once more

that, should honor or interest require it, Germany would not take twelve hours to make up her mind to war."

HOW FRANCE FINDS AN ARMY

Now that all America—either as participant, parent, or friend—faces the facts of a more or less general military service, let us note the means by which France has actually lived up to the principles of universal manhood service.

One may safely begin by asserting that there are no exemptions in France save for physical defects. (If there are shirkers—*embusqués* is the word in current slang—their number is beneath notice.) Every year the total of youths attaining military age—20—is determined by boards of mixed military and civilian membership which, in the fall, tour their respective districts. The sum of the lists drawn up by these boards makes up the "class" of that particular year. Service, on the part of the young men so listed, is as I have said, limited to three years. Subsequently the soldier passes (for eleven years) into the "reserve of the active army," which is subject to two training periods of four weeks each. For seven years thereafter he is a member of the "territorial army" that is called out once for a two-weeks period. Finally, he is graduated into the "reserve of the territorial army," in which he continues until he is 48 years of age. As a member of this reserve he is not called upon for service except in the emergency of war.

What was the size of the French Army when war came to France in 1914? It contained 21 corps, and the national territory was divided into as many "regions." Each of these regions (except Algiers) furnished its corps, and it has been the theory that in peace time each corps should serve in its own region, each regiment in the territory from which it was recruited. The so-called "regional" regiments, however, have not been a part of the local army corps and have generally been stationed on the eastern frontier. The territorialization of the army has reduced its cost to the nation besides lightening the service for the soldier and his family. It is an essential fact of universal military service, as understood

in France, that the soldier is carrying out an obligation to the State—that he is not a mercenary, but a citizen doing his duty. The soldier has a cent a day by way of pocket money—but there is no pretence that he is “paid”—or should be paid. War-time allowances are made to his dependents.

France’s home army consisted of about 703,000 on the first of August, 1914. Her colonial army, for work overseas, in which service is in theory voluntary, consisted of 87,000 men. These numbers were greatly increased upon the declaration of war.

The modern Army of France is as democratic an institution as the Army of the Old Régime was aristocratic, or as the Army of the Restoration and *Empire Libéral* was aristobourgeois. The social and hierarchic make-believe of the Prussians, the class distinctions of the old-time professional British and American armies, have had no place in the admirable instrument which is only one expression of the free and, in our time, peace-loving, people of France. (France has been peace-loving since she has been permitted to be democratic.) Anyone who knows either the 20th Century France of Before-the-War, or the tortured but unbroken France of today, can attest to the paternal but unpatronising affection of many a higher officer, no less than to the older-brother attitude of lesser officers for the private soldiers placed under their command, not to do homage to an officer’s vanity, but to save France for herself and for the world. One of the rules which helped to keep the army democratic, even before the war laid its heavy toll upon the corps of officers, was the rule that at least one-third of those officers must have risen from the ranks. The devoted loyalty of the private soldiers to their commanders is one of the many qualities that has made the Republic’s army irrefragable.

From the Marne, the Somme, the Ancre, and again from Verdun, has sounded the echo of Danton’s thunder—the tempestuous eloquence of devotion, of truth:

“Audacity, more audacity, audacity forever—and France is saved!”

SENTIMENTALIZING OVER THE HUN

LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD

AS a nation, we Americans are good-natured, and somewhat sentimental. Moreover, our sentimentality is of a peculiarly amiable kind. Not only have we a strong taste for the pretty and the pleasant, but even while vigorously doing our best to combat it, we try to convince ourselves of the concealed prettiness and pleasantness of much that is essentially ugly. And never has this especial characteristic of ours been more markedly shown than during the period which has elapsed since it was acknowledged that we are at war with Germany.

After demonstrating a degree of patience nothing short of phenomenal, we were finally kicked into the great struggle. But to our amiable sentimentality war is doubly disagreeable, not because we are cowardly, or because we do not want to fight—no intelligent nation wants to fight—but because it makes us sorrowful to think that any nation on the face of the earth could possibly want to fight with us. Wherefore we promptly set up a bogey which we called the Imperial German Government, and declared that it and it alone was guilty. Our quarrel, so we proclaimed earnestly and frequently, and so only too many of us still maintain, is with this Imperial German Government and not with the German people.

Now it would be difficult if not impossible to denounce the German Government unjustly, or to accuse it of any crime of which it is not guilty, there being no crime known to history which it has not committed. But when we talk about it as though it were something entirely apart and different from the German people we make a mistake which is not only foolish but positively dangerous. For if it is a perilous thing to under-estimate one's opponent physically, it is at least equally hazardous to over-estimate him morally. And this is precisely what we are doing when we sentimentalize

over the poor deluded, naturally sweet-tempered and generally angelic Hun, and weep about the way his Government forces him to do things entirely out of keeping with his kindly disposition.

That the Imperial German Government can lie with a fluency and persistency which would bring a blush of shame to the cheek of Ananias, is a manifest and undeniable fact. But what is very far from being a manifest fact is that the utterly inhuman way in which Germany has carried on this war, the gospel of "frightfulness" it has proclaimed and practiced, is to any extent uncongenial to the temper of the German people. On the contrary, practically every particle of evidence indicates that it suits them to perfection.

It did not shock the German people to hear a solemn treaty contemptuously described as "a scrap of paper." Honor is to them, it would seem, something which has to do with an officer's right to thrust civilians off the sidewalk, and not with the keeping of a plighted word. The German Chancellor knew very well that he ran no risk of jarring against his people's sense of national probity; it is impossible to jar against that which does not exist.

And when the plighted word had been broken, and broken in a manner which caused the whole civilized world to cry out in horror and indignation, where was the protesting voice of the German people? While the German soldiers not merely obeyed orders—that might be forgiven them, though it is doubtful whether any other soldiers on earth would have obeyed such orders, with the possible exception of the Turks—but obeyed them joyfully. To shoot unarmed and wounded prisoners is not only contrary to the laws of war, it is contrary to every decent instinct of ordinary human nature. But German soldiers not only shot wounded prisoners under such direct orders as this, issued by General Stenger: "From and after today no more prisoners are to be taken. All prisoners, whether wounded or not are to be killed;" they did it with pleasure, and such delightful additions as beating or kicking their heads to a pulp. In an extract from the notebook of a German non-commissioned officer we read: "The

captain called us round him and said: 'In the fort we are going to take there will very probably be English soldiers. But I don't wish to see any English prisoners with my company.' A general Bravo! of approval was the answer." A general Bravo! of approval was the answer! Surely comment is superfluous.

But, it may be objected, the German army is not the German people. Then what, pray, are the officers and men of the German army? Do they belong to a race apart? Are they not the sons of German parents, the husbands of German women, the fathers of German children, the heads of German families? It is a fact whose significance we are only now beginning to appreciate, that the number of German children who commit suicide is so large.

The officers and men of whom the German army is composed belong to every class and type of the German population. And when we hear of a deed of mercy or even of such mere ordinary kindness that we would regard it as a matter of course were it done by an Englishman or a Frenchman, an Italian or a Russian, being actually performed by a German, it is something so unusual that we comment upon it, exclaiming in all probability: "There now! You see there are some decent men among them!" as though a decent man were something so out of the ordinary as to be a sort of natural curiosity. The tale of that German soldier who gave an apple to a Belgian child and said to its mother: "Madame, my heart is broken" has been repeated over and over and over again. It is always the exceptional which is talked about.

And what about those internment camps which moved Ambassador Gerard to indignant protest? Not in the beginning, a time for which it would be quite possible to make excuses, but after two years of war, he wrote of that camp at Ruhleben in which British civilians—civilians, mind, not soldiers—were interned." It is intolerable that people of education should be herded six together in a horse's stall In the hayloft above the stables conditions were even worse." And if this was the sort of thing to which interned

civilians were subjected, then consider the lot of the prisoners of war!

When the *Lusitania* went down, and through the entire civilized world there ran a thrill of pity, disgust and anguish, medals were struck in Germany to commemorate the glorious event. And among the "kindly" German people with whom we are informed that we have "no quarrel" those medals were circulated. Was the deed they celebrated received by those people with shame or with indignation? Not a bit of it. Even here in the United States, Germans and so-called German-Americans endeavored to justify the massacre—and there were those who went even further than an attempt to justify the unjustifiable. Not without reason did the *Cologne Gazette* only a very little while ago describe the German-Americans as "our best allies." And loyal to the United States as the great majority of the German-Americans doubtless are, prior to April sixth, 1917, they were, with a few exceptions—all honor to those few!—pro-German, not pro-Ally. And no one can assert that they were without means of learning the truth.

But when the *Lusitania* went down, we were amazed. Few if any of us had believed that even Germans would commit quite so infamous a crime. Today, so greatly, in this respect at least, have our expectations changed, that an item like the following is not blazoned out in huge headlines but tucked away among commonplace occurrences: "The testimony showed that the submarine shelled the *Harold*"—a Swedish ship, if you please, flying the flag of a neutral nation—"without warning, continued the shelling after the vessel had stopped, and during all the time the crew was launching the boats in a heavy sea. One of the life-boats was destroyed by a shell."

One of the oldest, most sacred traditions of the sea is the obligation to help and rescue the shipwrecked, under all conditions and at any cost. But sailors belonging to German submarines not only fire on life-boats, but rob the men whose ship they have destroyed of such poor little possessions as they have contrived to save, not to mention their clothing

and their food. From the report of one survivor after another, we read accounts of how the German sailors on board of German submarines laughed as they watched the struggles of the drowning. On a certain memorable occasion, and before the heat of battle had had time to cool, Captain Philip of the U. S. S. Texas immortalized himself with his cry: "Don't cheer, men; those poor fellows are dying."

And these instances are typical, and they demonstrate the difference and the distance—a distance infinitely greater than that which separates pole from pole—between the spirit of our nation, and the spirit of that nation with which we are at war.

It is time that we here in the United States looked the truth squarely in the face, recognizing that we have to fight a united nation, not one divided into a government entirely vicious, misleading a people possessed of the innocence, the intelligence and the docility of sheep. We do not intend to sing hymns of hate, or indulge in any other equally childish performances. But it is time we stopped sentimentalizing over the Hun, and realize that if it were repugnant instead of congenial to him to perform such barbarous cruelties that beside his deeds those of the Huns of old appear white and shining, almost meritorious, no government on earth could force him to be guilty of them. Does any one suppose that Cardinal Mercier would be alive to-day, were there not a strong Catholic party in Germany, to enforce respect, not for the hero but for the prince of the Church?

We are at war, not with a mere government, but with a nation of moral perverts, a nation which exults in torture, admires murder, and has no faintest conception of the meaning of the word honor. There are of course exceptions; here and there in the note-books of German soldiers we find comments such as this: "This method of making war is absolutely barbarous. I wonder how we can have the face to rail at the conduct of the Russians when we are behaving much worse in France; at every opportunity, on one pretext or another, we pillage and burn. But God is just and sees everything. His mills grind slowly, but they 'grind exceeding

small.' " A nation, however, must be judged by the bulk of its people, not by the exceptions. We have learned to call the German soldier or sailor "the Hun;" but the soldier and sailor are not a race apart. The individual Hun comes from a nation of Huns.

We are waging war with a nation whose announced contempt for and open disregard of treaties makes impossible the acceptance of it as a partner in any treaty; a nation whose morality is of so low an order that we can find nothing to compare with it unless we go back through the centuries to the days of Attila, and even further yet, to the time of that Asshurbanipal, who proudly relates how he tore out his enemies' tongues and hacked off their limbs, how "The wells of drinking water I dried up . . . waste, destruction, servitude and drought I poured over them . . . good trees I burnt off the fields." This description reads very much like an account of German behavior in Belgium and in France though the troops of the Assyrian monarch were ignorant of "Kultur."

We have, very many of us, taken our ideas of the German character and temperament from the tales of the Brothers Grimm and the poems of Heine—who, by the way, lived in France!—but we must disabuse our minds of such mistaken impressions, stop sentimentalizing, and look upon the German people as what they are: That people whose barbarity has earned for them a nick-name, the name of greatest infamy that men have been able to remember or to conceive—the Huns.

IDEALS—WHAT WE LIVE FOR

LADY HENRY SOMERSET

IN one of the rooms of the Tower of London, cut on the stone wall, are these words:

“Vivre sans reve, qu'est-ce?” (“To live without a dream, what is that?”) We know not the hand that carved them—some prisoner, perhaps, waiting to be dragged out to die on the scaffold for his dream. Were the long days of waiting so dreary that he was in danger of forgetting that dream? Did he carve those words so as to have them before his eyes to remind him of the greatness of his vision, to tell him that the suffering was worth while?

Some of us in our quiet corners may think it is well for the great to have their ideals. If such leaders of men have not high ideals of courage, of honour, of beauty, and of truth, we are quite ready to admit that their country will suffer, indeed that they are traitors to their day. But what of the commonplace people, what of the men and women who are so far from the centre of things that they appear to have no influence on their day and time, the thousands of people who live lives that from beginning to end are “days of small things?” Where is there room, in these everyday lives, for high ideals, for visions, or for dreams?

We grow accustomed to think of such ideals as the luxuries of the great or the heritage of the leisured, for those the background of whose lives makes a fit setting for their dreams. A great lady may well have her ideal of philanthropy. The figure of the Lady Bountiful in her rich clothes, stepping from her splendid surroundings to give a dole to the poor, is a picture to which we are accustomed, and the dole (which perhaps the most commonplace of us could afford) acquires a certain romance by the accessories of beauty which seem to add a lustre even to such a divine thing as charity. Truth, far-reaching and high-sounding truth, is for the writer and for the preacher, and the man or woman who can command eloquent words to express it, beauty for the artist, courage for the soldier. We seek the suitable set-

ting, the correct trappings for our ideals, and this to a large extent because we have deep reverence for the high and noble thing which they express.

It might be well sometimes if we who are among the commonplace people could see behind the scenes—not that we might learn to be sceptical about high ideals, not that we might see how shoddy often are the trappings, how unreal the halo of romance, but rather that we might see the greater beauty and wonder of those same ideals in the grey light of our workaday world.

What worth is the charity of the richly-clad lady, giving of her abundance, compared to the charity of the beggar, sleeping out on the Thames Embankment, who shares her ragged cape with her shivering neighbor? What is the value of the words, true as they may be, of the great preacher, compared with that of the young man in business who humbly dares to stand for honest and straightforward dealings in his work, and where can one see anything anywhere more noble than the courage of the woman who with tired body and aching head will, day after day and month after month, patiently go on doing her dull round of housework, hidden far away from all approbation and applause?

A great teacher has said that “the drearier and more commonplace the occupation, the higher must be the ideal of the man or woman whose lot it is.” We are often struck by the greyiness of so many lives, the long day filled by tiresome little duties, the perpetual occupation with apparently trivial things. One realizes how true it is that they, perhaps more than any other, need the incentive of great ideals. Those people who flit from one occupation to another, who live in a ceaseless whirl of change and excitement, meeting new friends, seeing new scenes, reading new books, know little of the heroism of the lives that are lived patiently and cheerfully and courageously in a circle so small that to them it would be a prison-cell.

How often we have looked at the long rows of little villas on the outskirts of a town, and pitied those who are called to live in such narrow, dull surroundings. Take for

instance the mother of a family, a woman who perhaps can afford one cheap and inefficient servant, and even with this help has herself to work nearly all the day. How many meals will she prepare in the year? How many times will she wash her cups and saucers? How often must the rooms be swept and dusted? Then the children come home from school hungry. They must be fed. Their clothes are torn, and those clothes must be mended. So when the children are in bed at night she sits by the lamp over her work, and all this is done perhaps with the weary headache that over-work and insufficient nourishment often bring. How high must be that woman's ideal in order to lift her over the weary planes that she is called to walk. What love divine and beautiful, must help her through each dreary day.

I have often thought that there could be no higher ideal of service than for an unoccupied woman of leisure literally to follow the Great Example, and take upon herself the form of a servant, and give some time in the year to help such an over-burdened woman with the dreary, menial tasks that fill her days to overflowing.

And yet the woman who thus works little dreams that her life is lived by the light of a great ideal. She would tell you that she tried to do her best, that she often failed and was irritable, that she let things slide, and was not as careful about the tidiness of her house as she would like to be.

Sometimes we learn most from those who think they fail, who for a time seem to have lost their inspiration. How many there are who still work bravely on, who follow the way although the light may be dim. To such everyday lives the knowledge that they are working for the highest ideal that the world has ever known would come as a clear light to cheer them on and to dispel the dreariness, and would even make hardships beautiful. It is for this reason I would remind them that ideals are like stars, so far above us that they are easily lost to sight, but only lost for a time. The clouds may cover them, but we may remind ourselves that they are there still, and that the clouds do pass, and we see them again.

I think it would be right to say that it is only low ideals that are never lost sight of. The man or woman whose ideal is wealth or pleasure or power has it in sight all the day long, but the man or woman whose ideal is love and service knows well it is so high that sometimes it seems to be lost among the mists for days together, but still the star will guide us through the narrowest paths on darkest nights. A man may serve all day long in a shop, and when the evening comes may have done no greater thing than to have shown courtesy to a tiresome customer. He may know that to-morrow, and all the to-morrows, as far as he sees, his life will be just the same as to-day, but his ideal of kindness and service is a royal robe, and some day it will clothe him and make him fit for the presence of the King. For there is nothing really pretty or trivial in our lives; there is only the appearance of triviality, but in spite of this our smallest action is of momentous importance. Are we called only to wash dishes? Let us do that work to the glory of God, and see at once what is involved in the work—love, for those we serve by this menial task; honor, by which we do the work to the best of our ability; beauty, by which we make our surroundings sweet with the lovelines of cleanliness. Indeed, there is no work in life that cannot be transfigured by an ideal. The dreariness vanishes when we lift our minds from the dull material with which we work, and learn something of the mind of God who created that material. How soon we should learn to despise shoddy work, careless, slovenly work, despise it in ourselves and in others. How soon we should demand beauty in the common things we handle, that the cups and saucers made from the common clay should be of goodly shape, touched with the wonder of color. And then we should go further, and we should ask for beauty in the lives of those who made them. Our ideas of work would be changed, we should see that God and man work together, that we are not meant to live ugly lives and to produce mean things; but that in the smallest detail of life we can give beauty, service, love, and joy—till in some measure life is touched with the radiance of heaven.

THE GOVERNOR AND THE POET

ARTHUR HOAG HOWLAND

THE Governor had never enjoyed so little his winter afternoon stroll. Usually the river and the trees, the blue hills and the white fields had a way of untangling matters and clearing his brain. But over them all to-day was a mysterious veil. They seemed hardly familiar. They had no message but a dull, heavy message of condemnation. Matters of unusual importance had kept him closely confined for two or three weeks, and he had been looking forward eagerly all day to the freedom and luxury of his afternoon hour in the woods. Yet the bondage and heaviness clung to him here in the open as in the grim building he had left behind, which seemed at times so distressingly like a prison.

The Governor was amazed and displeased, not so much with the river and the fields as with himself. He had gone into this thing with his eyes wide open; he had counted the cost. But he had not counted on finding that a long forgotten organ of his nature would come to life, bothering the freedom of his heart action, pricking his brain, and weaving something like the soft, filmy beginnings of cataracts over his eyes.

He had not willingly and wittingly killed his conscience. He had simply not been aware of using it; he had forgotten it. Business and politics had long since taken on the aspects of a great game, and he had played to win. Yet he had happened always to find himself on the side of the reformers. He had not taken their side from any lofty or deep motives, nor yet from sordid nor abnormally selfish motives. It had simply seemed to be the thing to do, and he had done it, done it hard and well.

Then a wave of popular enthusiasm, sweeping over the state, had caught him and cast him upon the throne. He was not surprised to find himself there; he felt that he belonged there. He could do the work required, bring about the results expected and needed.

But just then the overtures of the other side had taken on a new note. They appealed to him in unexpected places; they opened up unthought-of possibilities; they made him almost ashamed of the past meagerness of his life. The first subtle suggestions had come from one of his closest friends. He little dreamed how much it had cost the enemy to make that interview possible. Then another of his good friends dropped a hint; then another. One after another of his associates happened to let him know that to surrender, to make a noble and generous change of mind was the thing expected of him.

A few hornets in the legislature buzzed and stormed and stung, but they were crazy, inconsequential fellows, quite off the main line of steady human progress; they were tormentors, merely, of the men who were trying, quietly and obediently, to do the work of the world.

So the Governor had yielded, had changed his policy, had thrown his weight and his voice on the other side, and now—no, he could scarcely ever hope to be President now. But at least his family should never be in want. They should live royally, more royally than they could ever have lived at the White House, even if he had accomplished the thorny journey thither; and they could live royally forever instead of for only four or eight years. And, if he himself chose to continue a life of activity instead of leisure after his work at the state capitol was done, he was assured of all the law business he could touch, and at such prices as Croesus could hardly have comprehended.

But the river frowned—though the sun was shining gloriously.

“Good afternoon, Your Honor!”

A shabby man had stepped up to him, his feet cracking the twigs lying in the snow off the path. He touched his hat.

“Good afternoon,” said the Governor. He was not startled nor anxious. Family and friends had warned him against these unguarded, unarmed walks in the woods, but he laughed at their fears. “Nobody wants to shoot me,” he declared. And indeed this was truer now than it had ever been before. So there was no cause for alarm.

"Would you mind sitting down a minute, Governor? It's always hard for me to talk standing up or walking along, and there's something I should like to say to you."

The Governor was astonished no less at the fluency and correctness of the man's speech than at the audacity of his suggestion. But, with an air of relief at finding an interviewer who would say directly and quickly what he had to say, he motioned to a fallen log near the path, and upon it they both sat down.

It was a radiant day in mid-February. Snow lay on the ground, but had melted from roofs and fences, from small and large branches of the standing trees, and from the prostrate trunks and logs awaiting teamsters. Sunlight streamed among the grey boughs overhead and danced about them, but the Governor hardly believed the stranger could be comfortable while seated, for his overcoat was far from satisfactory. But it was he who had chosen to sit down, so the Governor snuggled his chin down into the fur lining of his own big coat and waited.

"It's a fine day, Your Honor," said the man.

"It is, indeed," said the Governor. "What was it you wanted to say to me?"

The stranger pulled from his pocket a handful of soiled paper.

"Just cast your eye over that," he said succinctly.

His Excellency took the sheets from the man's hand, somewhat awkwardly because most reluctantly. But he saw no comfortable way of retreating now he had gone so far; then, too, he had his gloves on. For ten minutes he shuffled the bits of paper, sometimes bending down to make out something that was blurred or daubed, sometimes appearing to read easily a number of lines. There were large blank spaces, hopelessly soiled, many laboriously written lines, hopelessly scratched. But on each of the sheets from one to a half dozen lines were fairly legible. The Governor labored through to the bottom line of the last page. He turned to the man.

"Well?"

"Well," echoed the man, "what do you make of it?"

"I make of it in the first place," answered the Governor, "a handful of excessively dirty paper."

"Well," the man assented, with evident relish, "that's appropriate, isn't it?"

The Governor started.

"What else?" asked the man.

"It appears to be," the Governor answered, with the merest trace of hesitation and anxiety, "an unfinished, or a scarcely begun poem about some public individual."

The man nodded.

"You don't find yourself able to guess about whom the lines were to have been written?"

"There are many men in relation to whom similar lines might have been planned," said the Governor.

"But about three months ago now. Say just after last election. Who was it would have been likely to inspire such lines then?"

The Governor laughed. "Oh, there's no use beating about the bush. I suppose you mean you planned to write that poem about me."

"Precisely!" said the man, with the emphasis of satisfaction.

"Why didn't you finish it?" asked the Governor.

"Oh, I don't know," the other drawled dejectedly. "It was always easy for me not to finish things. Whenever I do finish 'em I sell 'em all right. You'd know my name well enough if I should tell you. But lately it's been growing easier not to finish them, so I've sort of dropped out of the race. I can do it right, though, when I stick to it."

The Governor nodded.

"Yes," he agreed. "This is good verse. I can see that. It would have made a strong bit. You certainly should have finished it."

"You're right," assented the other. "It would have been good. I had an unusual inspiration when I began that. But last fall, and during the winter, I went somewhat to pieces."

He straightened up suddenly, and out from the tramp there began to emerge a man. A mantle of indolence and uncleanness seemed to fall from his body, a mantle of mental dullness from face and eyes. He looked out sharply at the river, and up through the trees at the sky. Then there came anger and scorn to his eyes as well as alertness.

"I did have a tremendous inspiration," he affirmed. "Do you know, friend, that you had an opportunity such as has seldom been granted a man in all the days of the world. You know it; you knew it then."

He leaped to his feet. He had said he could not talk standing, but he seemed to be about to disprove his words. The Governor felt extremely awkward to find himself sitting on a log, listening to the harrangings of a tramp, but he could think of no adequate excuse for rising, so he sat still. The man went on vehemently. The Governor continued to hold the sheets in his hand, though he had made several ineffectual, unobserved attempts to get the man to take them back.

"Look what you might have done! You know, you knew the whole nation was on the eve of a great reconstruction. We were getting a new conscience."

The Governor winced. That was the second time this afternoon the word had been brought to his attention.

"And behind America waited the world. Always a few men become, more often one man becomes the leader, the exponent, the voice of the new movement. There were other men leading, but you were caught up and put in one place of opportunity, where one specific piece of this new work had to be done. You knew why you were put into that place. You understood it all. You knew what God Almighty, and the people of your state, and of America wanted you to do, expected you to do. And you could have done it. All the ages of the past had led up to you and your hour. All the future and soundness and real greatness of America were waiting for your touch and your voice.

"You knew the fight was acute in this particular state. You knew the one issue that faced you was a little gate upon which a flood of other issues waited. You had the power

of determining whether the flood of events sweeping through that gate should be foul or clean.

"And now you know what you have done!"

His voice rang out among the silent trees. The Governor's face was white. He sat, holding the soiled paper in his hand.

"Why didn't you finish the poem?" he demanded sternly, in a strange, dry voice.

The tramp laughed. The man and poet had vanished.

"Oh, so you are going to try to put it up to me, are you?"

"Who knows?" said the Governor quietly. "It might have been different; if you had finished this, and it had been printed, and I had seen it, and other people had been talking about it. It seems to have been begun in the form of a prayer, doesn't it?" he finished absently.

"Yes," said the tramp. "It was a prayer, a prayer to Almighty God for you. And I never really made it."

He turned to walk away. The Governor held out the paper. "Here!" he cried. "Take this away!"

The tramp stopped and looked down at him, giving an odd twist to his lips and, as he spoke, an odd twist to his voice.

"I suppose you don't want to keep it because it is unfinished and dirty."

The man on the log looked up and nodded, awkwardly.

The poet made as if to speak, but closed his lips and turned away, his odd smile grown still odder. And he strode off through the woods, leaving his soiled and broken prayer in the Governor's fingers.

FIGHTING IT OUT IN THE FOOD TRENCHES

JOHN BRUCE MITCHELL

A MAN'S chief concern is his stomach—deny it if he will. Napoleon was right. It is the organ an army fights on, and the bayonet is useless unless that organ functions as it was designed. Napoleon, however, didn't take into consideration the fact that the civilian as well as the soldier has a stomach.

It is all very well to talk about the needs of the spirit, but the inner man must be satisfied first. The world has got to be fed, or it will quickly tire of hearing the words Liberty, Democracy, Ideals. To a starving man, the word Food is the foremost word in the dictionary.

The biggest fight of all is being waged by the non-combatants right now, on every hand—*the fight for food*.

WAYS OF WINNING THE FOOD FIGHT

There are a good many ways of winning the fight for food. We can increase production; we can decrease consumption; we can minimize waste.

These are some of the way. There are other ways. There are a lot of fool ways. There are organized charities that feed loafers and encourage idleness in cities, when the men who accept this alms should be out on the farms, earning an honest living. There are societies of well-meaning women, thousands of them throughout the country, that accomplish nothing useful, and dissipate an enormous amount of energy and enthusiasm which might otherwise serve the nation.

How can we increase production? In the first place, there are two assumptions that must be knocked in the head before we will be able to get anywhere: First, the assumption that the United States is the food-bin of the world, and that there is and always has been and always will be enough for all; and second, the assumption that even if Europe does need American food, the need is only temporary.

Both of those assumptions are dead wrong, and this is why. Take them in order. To begin with, the United States is not the food-bin of the world and hasn't been for years. A few simple figures will show it. In 1880, we produced 8.5 bushels of wheat per person per annum. By 1910, this had decreased to 7.7. Up to 1900, we shipped abroad yearly one-third of our wheat. By 1914, we were shipping only one-fifth. Then came the war—and our shipments to Europe increased 177 per cent the first two years, while production increased only normally. Lots going out and little coming in. That explains \$3 wheat on the Chicago Exchange. But it doesn't explain why the farmer gets only \$1.50 for it now and less than half that before 1914.

Turn to the other assumption, that the need in Europe for American food is only temporary. Far from being temporary, this need will exist pressingly for a quarter of a century. The generation that wages war is never able to recoup. The burden falls upon the children. After this titanic struggle is over, the whole world will be disorganized, and Europe will need all the wheat we can possibly spare for her.

The Allies, during the coming year, will require 550,000,000 bushels of wheat, half of which they look to us to supply. We ourselves will require over 600,000,000 bushels. How are we going to supply this total of 900,000,000 bushels, when our crop last year, which was average, totaled a scant 640,000,000 bushels? True, we have on hand 29,000,000 bushels; but that is only a drop in the bucket, and is as a matter of fact already bought up abroad.

Unless this country can actually become the food-bin of the world, the end of 1918 is going to see the world hungry. Inside another twelve months, unless prodigious exertions are made by our producers, meat will be 50c a pound and flour \$20 a barrel.

What about the hundreds of millions of available grain and grazing acreage all about us, at present lying idle? Why not put some of this land under cultivation next year and make it do its bit? We now have only 59,000,000 acres of wheat lands in the country, and two million or more loafers.

Since labor is the big problem, why not get those two million non-producers on the job. They could put under cultivation another 50,000,000 acres of wheat. That acreage would produce 500,000,000 bushels of grain. That grain would produce 100,000,000 barrels of flour, five bushels to the barrel. That flour would feed 100,000,000 people for a year, as one barrel per person per annum has been the normal rate of consumption for years. Therefore, it is seen that by making these two million loafers work, we are not only saving the 2,000,000 barrels of flour which they consume annually, but are creating by their labor another 100,000,000 barrels. Figured in money, at \$20 a barrel, this represents an increase in the national wealth of \$2,000,000,000.

Inure two million loafers to farm life, and you will make men of them. Take the dope fiends and whiskey hounds out of the cities, let them get up when the sun does, smell good rich earth all day, eat healthy food and drink pure water, and go to bed when the sun does—and you will add to our citizenship two million useful males.

What of the women? Let them work, too. The simple life will do them good. They will soon find that walking the hills has got it all over walking the streets.

Another way to increase production is to plow up the tennis courts, lawns, parks, campuses, and golf links, and set to vital effort the classes thus denied recreation. Hundreds of thousands of college boys, clubmen, athletes, and so forth will in that way be brought into the ranks of more active citizenship.

Dartmouth, Harvard, and other colleges are doing this. Country clubs throughout the country are following their example. Rich men are lining up. William K. Vanderbilt has plowed under his beautiful Long Island lawns and has set them to potatoes. It is estimated that 12,000,000 acres of fertile soil and 500,000 able-bodied men can be obtained this way—men exempt from ordinary military service. These men should produce \$300,000,000 worth of foodstuffs annually.

Then there are the children's gardens. In every com-

munity, however small, in every State throughout the Union, these little, carefully tended plots are to be seen. Though they appear small, yet their aggregate acreage totals millions. In co-operation with thrifty mothers, the produce of these plots will be carefully canned in jars and stored away—representing just so much food that will not have to be bought, and leaving that much more to the city inhabitants who are necessarily non-producers.

Another way in which production may be furthered, to meet the unprecedented demands now being made upon it, is by intensive cultivation practiced on a large scale. Truck farmers with ten or twenty acres or under have always practiced this. They have done surprisingly well on next to nothing. They have raised more cabbages and beans on a little piece of land no bigger than your front lawn than you would have thought possible. But why not raise cabbages and beans as we do wheat—thousands of acres at a time?

I saw a four-pound cabbage sold the other day for \$1.00. That is 25c a pound, and puts cabbage in the luxury class, when it should be the main-stay of the workingman. The same thing may be said of potatoes. I paid 10c for a potato the other day. It weighed a scant pound. That puts potatoes in the class with truffles, and removes from you and me our oldest and most reliable standby. How are we going to economize when such prices prevail?

TEACHING THE WORLD TO LIKE RICE

There is only one answer—increased production. But there is a substitute—*rice*. It grows in swampy land, that will produce nothing else but frogs and cat-tails, and is more nourishing than the god of the pot—*potato*. It is even more nourishing than the king of the pancake—*wheat*. Yet most people in this country think it is a dessert, and put maple syrup on it.

We are the smallest consumers of rice in the world, barring the Esquimos. We consume only six pounds per person per year, while Canada consumes two times as much, Europe five times, and Asia forty times.

We are learning to like rice. In 1916 our crop was 40,000,000 bushels, nearly half as much again as the previous year. And in 1917 it is hoped to see an even greater increase. An acre of land will produce 1,000 pounds of rice. If we devoted 10,000,000 acres to this crop, we could grow 10,000,000,000 pounds of rice in the United States yearly, or one-half the present world supply.

DECREASING CONSUMPTION

Turning for a moment to the problem of decreasing our food consumption, we are at once faced with the fact that we eat too much—particularly too much meat. Last year alone, we consumed 3,000,000,000 pounds more meat than the year before. At that rate, how long will it be before our animal resources are exhausted?

We must conserve our cattle for future breeding, if we are going to weather the wrack of reconstruction following the war, so as to be of real assistance to the starving nations of Europe. It is not necessary to eat meat three times a day, as a great many of us seem to think, or even once a day. A little meat is beneficial, but an excess of this highly complex food acts as a poison and works incalculable harm to the system. Many a confirmed rheumatic and dyspeptic owes his condition to over-indulgence in meat.

Less meat and more vegetables—and more bread. Bread and vegetable soup are good enough for anybody, and within the means of all of us. White bread is not essential, and contains less nourishment than whole wheat bread, which uses 85 per cent of the kernel instead of 73 per cent. If everyone would substitute this “war bread” for the ordinary white loaf, 18,000,000 barrels of flour a year could be saved, and all of Belgium fed on it.

Another great thing is to eat scientifically. It has been determined in the laboratory that the human system requires about 1,800 calories of food a day. Calories represent modern scientific energy. Yet most of us cram into our stomachs between 4,000 and 5,000 food calories between one day and the next. Result: our whole system is put to that much extra

work without any additional gain. Such wear and tear is bound to tell. The waysides of the world are littered with the wrecks of overeating.

CUTTING OUT THE WASTE

But when all that is humanly possible has been done to reduce consumption to our actual needs, there still remains a fearful breach in the wall of food economy—*waste*.

We could win the war by saving the food we waste. Every year we wilfully squander millions of dollars worth of edibles. The garbage mounds of America are a colossal monument to our national extravagance, which seems to have for its motto: "I should worry! There is plenty more where that came from." But there is *not* plenty more. You can't expect to have your pie and eat it. We have been eating it, and it is mighty near gone. And now that food is scarce and the prices high, we growl. But we have nothing to growl about, none to blame but ourselves. We made the prices high. Now we have got to pay them or go hungry.

The worst of it is, a good many of us still fail to realize the seriousness of the situation. We joke about it and keep on wasting, while prices continue to soar. As long as our salaries keep soaring too, we don't care. But our salaries aren't always going to soar—and food is, if we are not careful. In the race between the dollar and the meal, the meal will win out in the long run. It is an unequal race, and we might as well realize it and stop.

One of the best ways to call off the race is to punish the speculators. Legislation and food dictator Hoover will tend to that. Another excellent way to lasso food prices and bring them back to earth is by direct distribution. This will guard against the middleman, one of the worst offenders under a bad system. Hoover's hand will be felt here also.

But the best and surest way to put the brakes on extravagance is at the table. Simple food—enough, not too little or too much—and *no waste*. That is the secret. Order no more than you need, and prepare nothing that will not be eaten. The American housewife has gained the reputa-

tion of an excellent but prodigal cook, and her husband a genial but overgenerous host. Now is the time to tone that reputation down and mellow it with common sense. There should be less entertaining from now on, and fewer dishes on the table.

The restaurants, however, are the most willful wasters. I happened recently to be stopping at one of the well-known city hotels, and was struck with the senseless extravagance of the menu. For breakfast there were half a dozen different kinds of fresh fruit, three or four relishes, ten cereals, fish of all sorts, scores of vegetables, eggs a la everything you could think of, many kinds of meat and game, entrees, special dishes,—until I was fairly disgusted. And then, as though that were not enough, there was at the bottom of the bill-of-fare the following modest announcement: “An extra charge will be made for articles not mentioned above.”

Well, I couldn't think of anything that hadn't been “mentioned above”—unless it was that such a hotel was an enemy to the country. Yet luncheon was even more extravagant. And dinner that night, comprising 20 courses, was a piece of unexampled folly.

The same thing is going on in every hotel and restaurant and café throughout the country, in greater or less degree, while over in Poland children are existing on one dish of thin broth and a stale cracker a day—and dying of starvation at that, a whole nation, while we sit here and allow ourselves to be fed 12-course breakfasts and 20-course dinners.

“You don't have to eat it all,” the proprietor told me, winking. No! But you have to pay for it all, every bit of it.

There is only one thing to do. Cut out the *table d'hôte* system, at least for the duration of the war. Let a man order what he wants, and only what he wants, and pay for that and nothing more.

Cut out the tips, too. They are just as wasteful and as useless as *table d'hôte* meals. In the end the proprietor gets your money, no matter who you give it to, just as he

profits by what you don't eat on his menu. And your tip doesn't get you any better service. You only deceive yourself into thinking so. If the waiter complains, call the manager and ask him why he does not pay his help proper wages for their services, so they will not have to act like common street beggars.

If we are brave enough to fight for the right, to give our sons and our money to the Government—to give ourselves, if need be—let us, for God's sake, not be groveling cowards before a tip system that we know is wrong.

WHAT MISSOURI IS DOING

These are some of the ways in which we can help win the fight for food. But do you know what Missouri is doing? Missouri has determined to add to her wealth, in one year, for war purposes, a brand-new billion dollars *right out of the soil*. Business men from the different cities of the State have organized a Federation of Commercial Clubs to raise that billion. As an initial fund for getting this started, St. Louis has pledged \$150,000, Kansas City \$75,000, St. Joseph \$30,000, and other cities in proportion.

The way it came about was this. Some enterprising citizens in St. Louis one day discovered that if half the untilled good land in Missouri were put under cultivation, a billion dollars' worth of foodstuffs could be raised the first year. So they said, "Let's do it!" And they did.

This is how they did it. They established live Commercial Clubs in every one of Missouri's 114 counties. They secured an expert farm adviser for each county. They showed every farmer how to swell his bank-account by scientific farming. They made investigations and surveys to determine the potential wealth of each county. They promoted broadcast cleaning and fire-prevention campaigns. They formed consolidated rural school districts. They gave each county a seed-testing and distributing bureau. They organized pig and calf clubs for boys, canning and cooking clubs for girls. They taught small town merchants the mysteries of scientific merchandizing.

Result: Missouri this year not only will produce the biggest crop in her history, but will be thoroughly organized and equipped for even greater efforts in the years to come.

What Missouri has done every State can and should do.

"We must all speak, act, and serve together." President Wilson has said it. Let's do it!

AWAKENING

HARRY KEMP

HE touched me on the shoulder, and, from sleep—
Like to a Hindoo diver from vague Deep
To Deep swift-mounting through wide waters green
Where many an uncouth shape is dimly seen
And mighty ribs, half-bare, of storm-slain things,
And old, forgotten argosies of kings—
So mounted I from sleep, as from a sea,
Into another day's mortality,
So, gradual, gained control of sluggish sense
And picked up threads of past experience. . . .
Thus must the soul mount into light when she
Wakes at the touch of immortality.

A TWO BILLION DOLLAR COTTON CROP

AARON HARDY ULM

IN June of this year, cotton sold for more than 27 cents a pound, or nearly \$140 a bale, the highest price paid for upland staple in more than 40 years.

In September, 1914, the writer was walking along the streets of a town located in the Georgia cotton belt. The few stores were empty, the streets silent, the people pre-occupied and gloomy. Suddenly an old negro lunged from an office shanty and came staggering down the street roaring with laughter. His outburst echoed through the town in contrast to the depressing aspect of the general environment.

"What's the matter, uncle?" I asked. "Why, boss," he began, and extended a palm in which there were probably fifteen or twenty dollars in bills and small coin. "Why, boss—ha, ha,—I'se lafin'—yaw, yaw, yaw—I'se lafin'—eyow!!—jes' to keep from cryin'!"

The old darkey had toiled and gone in debt through the year to produce a crop of cotton. The elements smiled on his efforts; there had never been a better crop year; as had rarely been the case before with big yield in prospect, prices had held up. Cotton was quoted at 12 to 13 cents throughout the spring and most of the summer. Not since the Civil War was the outlook more propitious for great prosperity throughout the South—until a pistol shot in Sarajevo cut the tendons of trade. For a bale of cotton for which he had expected to receive from \$60 to \$75, the old negro had managed to wheedle a pittance of \$15 or \$20 from some kindly white friend—and was "lafin' to keep from cryin'!"

Majestic King Cotton had been dethroned by the angry god Mars. The great staple, which in July had commanded the abiesance of the financial world, was forced in September to "pass the hat" to a generous country. The "Buy a Bale" movement bordered on an appeal to charity.

The boom of German guns vibrating across the Atlantic brought home to the South what economists had been teach-

ing for two generations, the danger in a one-crop agriculture. So in 1915 there was a great fall-off in the production of cotton; it continued in 1916; and, despite marvelously high prices, there is another acreage reduction this year and a prospective short crop.

Quite to the surprise of even the best experts, war, instead of lessening, quickened the demand for cotton. During the last three years consumption has greatly exceeded production. But nature, in seeming anticipation of the coming cataclysm, took pains in 1914 to lay up the largest surplus of cotton that the world has ever possessed. It is that surplus which has enabled the mills of America and Europe—excepting Germany and Austria—to keep going at a rate unprecedented in the annals of cotton manufacturing.

COTTON'S ROMANCE AND TRAGEDY

No commercial romance or tragedy of all the war is more unique than that of cotton. Less than three years ago, it was without a market; hardly more than two years ago it had to plead for 7 cents a pound; ten months ago it brought nearly 22 cents a pound; then it dropped to 13; then it came back in midsummer, 1917, when it reached 27 cents; and in a year it may——.

Candidly, prediction is futile, for cotton is one thing that has defied the most expert and confounded the wisest. In late 1914, no one expected cotton to sell for more than 10 cents a pound until after the war. In the spring of 1916, when it scorned both bull and bear and climbed upwards to 13½, H. L. McElroy, a broker's expert, put forth this seemingly timid suggestion: "If peace or rumors of peace should develop before another new crop can be planted, who will venture to predict that 20-cent cotton is not a possibility?"

He was laughed at by the habitués of Beaver and Broad streets, New York; yet before the fall of 1916 had half passed, men scrambled to get cotton at 21 cents, with no peace in prospect. In the late fall of 1916 the writer made some inquiries among the cotton crowd. The bulls were

then firm in the conviction that the then advance would stand or go forward—provided the U-boats didn't come.

"Cotton can stand anything but that," said the bulls. "Ruthless U-boat warfare will send the market back to the Sargossa Sea."

The U-boats came and the bulls scrambled to unload. On February 1 the market crashed; amid riots of demoralization in the cotton exchanges of New York, Liverpool, and New Orleans, prices fell 40 per cent in an hour. Then, despite the panic over the U-boats, the market recovered by force of its own unsupported momentum, and next day prices were back within reaching distance of previous high levels!

The U-boats did their work, and at their worst actually aided in sending cotton prices to the highest points reached in four decades. The decline in volume of British stocks, caused by the destruction of shipping, emphasized the world's dependence on America, and visualized the narrowing margin between supply and demand.

When the diplomatists gather to retouch the world's physiognomy and define the beginning of a new age, a product of mother earth in the uppermost thoughts of those shrewd gamblers for advantage will be cotton. Commerce more than geography will prompt thought and action at that greatest of diplomatic congresses. There will be no dream of commercial conquest in which cotton won't be a dominant figure; and the most baffling nightmare to all Europe's players for commercial vantage will be Dixie Land.

For our own South is supplying the bulk of the world's raw cotton and whatever the future may portend or make possible, from Dixie must be drawn most of the staple with which the world's textile trade will be reorganized. That trade is a most significant factor in world commerce. With it has gone commercial empire. It might be said without great exaggeration that *the flag follows the shirt*. Around it dominance in the Pacific revolves, together with trade supremacy in South America—which questions will haunt, as few others will, the room where the biggest iron dice ever rattled by diplomats will decide the course of centuries.

The whirligig of events bids fair to make the South which, in a commercial sense, was most debased by the outbreak of war, the keeper of a master key to the inner commercial problems crystallized by and growing out of the war. Events are more than bearing out the assertion made by Ambassador Page that "the cotton grower in the old slave States is to become the most prosperous tiller of the soil." They are making him a figure around which the rebuilding of empires may revolve.

LAST YEAR'S CROP

Last year's harvest of cotton was perhaps the most profitable agricultural crop ever grown on a large scale. It was produced at an average cost of 8 or 9 cents a pound, and sold at from 17 to 25 cents. Still this large profit, when added to his profits of the previous twenty years and balanced against his losses in those years, left the Southern farmer with not much more than an "even break" for the period.

But for the first time since he began to grow cotton, the Southern planter can look forward to reasonably certain high prices for his staple for the next five or six years, and probably longer. This opinion is shared by virtually every variety of thought in the cotton world. Many, however, believe he can look forward to more than "high prices;" that he may anticipate bonanza-like returns.

During the season of 1915-16 we produced a total of 12,000,000 bales, including linters, while there were consumed at least 14,000,000 bales. Though the production of the last season was a few hundred thousand more bales, consumption perhaps was greater than in the previous one. In May, 1914, there were in operation 31,000,000 American spindles; in May, 1916, 32,200,000; in May, 1917, 33,450,000. In addition, heavy demand caused an unusually heavy output per spindle. Ammunition is accounting for more than 1,000,000 bales yearly. *Fifty thousand bales were shot away in the first attack on the Dardanelles.* The stringency in the cotton manufacturing world may be illustrated by the fact

that our government had difficulty in obtaining cloth to clothe the new army, which will be sheltered mostly in wooden barracks because of the scarcity of canvas for tents.

Government needs alone, due to our entering the war, give reasonable assurance that there will be no lessening of demand for cotton products during the next year. The immense surplus of cotton piled up by the zenith crop of 1914 has been absorbed. At the beginning of the new statistical year on August 1, the visible supplies of the world were less than 3,000,000 bales, enough to feed the world's spindles only two months.

The visible supplies of American cotton were only 1,500,000 bales, about the normal floating carry-over. It is a logical deduction, however, that the epochal high prices of mid-summer drew from concealment virtually all cotton heretofore classed as "invisible supply" and amounting ordinarily from 700,000 to 800,000 bales. The same high prices caused some reduction in American mill stocks; and, together with shipping difficulties, they lowered stocks in the English mills to a point close to exhaustion. Analysis of the statistics of the situation should greatly discount the customary approximation of the world's visible supplies on August 1.

A forced curtailment of consumption in England would be made up for mostly by increased consumption later on. It may be taken for granted, however, that every effort will be made to avoid curtailment. Britain has fought for its foreign cotton goods trade as valiantly as for Ypres, and despite the vagaries of war has not only held most of it but has taken over much of Germany's. Nothing less than a defeat in Flanders would be more disastrous than the loss of that trade. Germany's yearnings for the selfsame trade helped to bring on the war. *So long as British ships ply the Atlantic, bottoms will be allotted to cotton.*

THIS YEAR'S CROP

Much depends on the crop now being harvested in the South. Even without peace, the world will need 15,000,000

bales of American cotton during the present season. Before the war, experts agreed that world demand had reached the point where it required a minimum American crop of that amount.

Cotton is the basis of most of the propulsive explosives employed. So important is it as an adjunct of battle that many believe that had it been excluded from Germany at the start, the war could have been ended in a year. During the months when it was permitted to enter German ports, the empire accumulated a surplus directly and through nearby neutrals. This may have enabled it to tide over the period necessary to changing old guns and manufacturing new ones suitable for nitro-cellulose made from wood fibre.

As I write this, early in August, the maximum prospect is for a crop of only about 12,000,000 bales. Added to reduced acreage, climatic conditions were poor through most of the summer. There was some improvement in the latter part of July, but the crop is late, which enhances the danger of early frost and appreciably increases the boll weevil's opportunities.

With the Southern farmer cotton is a habit. The near-tragedy of 1914, when the ghost of hunger danced in the cotton fields, made a deeper impression upon him than all the lecturing and newspaper editorializing on the one-crop evil of the past half century. But it couldn't quite uproot habit. So deeply embedded is this habit that, I verily believe, did conditions make the cultivation of cotton wholly and prospectively unprofitable, it would take the period of a generation to wean Southern farmers from it.

This was proven in the nineties, when thousands pyramided mortgages and went half famished on a constant diet of the plainest corn meal and white bacon in limited quantities, to produce cotton at almost certain loss when they could have easily abandoned the staple and lived comfortably, if not luxuriously, by growing home necessities alone. And it is likewise proven by the tenacity with which many in some boll weevil sections cling to cotton when profit in producing it is next to impossible.

COTTON AFTER THE WAR

Germany and Austria have been without cotton over two years. Therefore, a normal market for nearly 5,000,000 bales has been suspended. You can accumulate clothing needs. That's what Germany and Austria are doing. When the war ends, their normal or usual needs will not only exist, but also the accumulated needs of several years. One of the first things they will do will be to start their cotton mills on day and night time, which means an outlet the first year of peace for four or five million bales of cotton—virtually additional to present demand. Cotton has practically no substitutes, but may be one for all other clothing products. It is generally believed among cotton experts that the Germans already own about 800,000 bales of American cotton bought for reserve at less than 10 cents and never delivered.

The most interesting speculation of all has to do with that fight which will follow peace for the textile trade of the world, now largely torn from its old moorings by the exigencies of war. For with the textile trade, goes dominance in many lines. With raw cotton scarce, as it seems bound to be, the country possessing most will be best armed for that fight. And one of the skirmishes in that commercial war bound to follow the present contest of guns may be a battle royal between the nations for control of Dixie's supply of cotton.

These speculations seem fanciful, but no more so than predictions two and a half years ago of what already has occurred would have been. And they are no more startling than the career of cotton during and following our own Civil War. The cotton planter's good fortune has been exceeded by that of the cotton manufacturer. Meteoric rises in the price of the raw material were outdistanced by increased demand, and consequent rising prices, of the manufactured product.

Some of the most bearish experts, say manufacturers, could have paid 30 cents a pound for cotton during the last year and yet earned unusual profits. The chief difficulty

faced by the mills during the past 18 months has been in filling orders. During the past two years cotton mill earnings have been the highest in history.

What of the future?

Dixie has the whip hand. Southern spots have sold steadily above New York futures. Many times during the past year the slack in futures was taken up by Southern spots refusing to sag. As indicated by Secretary McAdoo, in justifying government aid to Southern growers in 1914, cotton is as staple as gold. It is imperishable. Strands of lint taken recently from old Egyptian tombs were as pliable as new fibre. William B. Dana long ago said that cotton combined all the qualities of a legal tender to a greater degree than any other commodity except gold.

Financial recoupment, brought about through industrial progress and given virility by the Federal Reserve banking act, enables the Dixie farmer to finance his cotton crop. He can "hold" indefinitely. In recent years vast warehouses wherein the staple may be stored cheaply have been constructed throughout the belt. A receipt from a bonded warehouse is as good at a Southern bank as a government bond.

A TWO BILLION DOLLAR A YEAR CROP

An annual return of over \$2,000,000,000 on cotton, including seed and added values to its manufactures, maybe much more, for its one big crop, seems an assurance for several years. For the world is going to need more cotton than the world is producing; and is willing to pay the South its price.

But how about that period following the reorganization of the world's commerce, that brand-new epoch in trade? Will the world wrench its garments loose from Dixie's grasp, and set up cotton farming on an extensive scale elsewhere? It is the belief of this writer that it will.

The South's traditional claim that nature has given it an inviolable monopoly in the production of cotton is, in the opinion of most present-day students, a delusion. The Civil

War test, as so eloquently portrayed by Henry Grady thirty years ago, was falsely accepted as final. For today the outside world is producing twice as much commercial cotton as the South sent to market in 1860, and we furnished only 57 per cent of the 1916 world supply.

The former British view that it was impossible to develop competition with the South within the Empire has given way to the firm conviction, based on experiments, that it not only can be done but will be done.

The Chairman of the British Cotton Growers' Association, speaking at London in June, 1914, declared that it had been "definitely proved that the British Empire can produce the cotton which Lancashire requires" and was going to do it.

Professor James A. B. Scherer in his recent book, "Cotton as a World Power," after quoting the above, declares: "The writer, for many years a believer in the ability of the cotton belt to retain monopolistic control of cotton production, has come to the conclusion after a study of the subject in several different parts of the world that his former opinion was wrong."

Aside from the demonstrated ability to double Egypt's crop and increase that of India indefinitely, the experiments of the British Cotton Growing Association prove that several sections of Africa, particularly East Africa and Uganda, offer almost illimitable soil facilities for producing cotton. There they have the same labor which makes cotton profitable to the South. The Association's activities have progressed beyond the experimental; its work has been commended by the King in remarks from the throne, and is backed by Parliament as well as the great textile industry of Manchester.

In twelve years Russia developed the cotton-growing industry from almost nothing to an annual production of a million and a half bales. Japan is manufacturing more than 2,000,000 bales a year, of which, in normal times, only 250,000 are American. The wizard of the Far East is laying extensive plans to not only supplant American raw cotton and cotton goods in the Orient, but to gain complete control

of the textile trade in that immense section where are to be staged the Verduns and the Sommes of future world commerce. He is doing the first by encouraging cultivation of the staple on practicable lines in China, where production already, according to some investigators, equals our own (about a million bales entering the general market); by developing it in his own dominions, in Korea, Manchuria, Formosa.

We already buy considerable textiles from the Japanese and sell them practically none. Competing ultimately with coolie labor of the Far East either in cotton cultivation or cotton manufacturing, except along some specialized lines, is something we cannot do, without exceptional aid from nature or man's mechanical genius.

Edward Atkinson, Dixie's greatest high prophet, declared many years ago that climatic and soil conditions made vast areas of South America highly fitted for profitable cotton culture. Brazil is proving this to be true by producing its own needs, with some to spare.

THE FUTURE OF COTTON IN THE SOUTH

One thing may save cotton lastingly to the South—machinery. With a successful cotton-picker, the South could defy the world for many decades to come. Only with it, or by the importation of cheap labor, can it ultimately meet the labor factor which some day will enter and control the race for dominance in cotton production. The first seems beyond the inventor; the latter, for reasons social, is beyond contemplation.

You may ask: What of the future South, that land so romantically, so traditionally identified with cotton? What of the South 40, 50, 75 years hence, when railroads and irrigation will be turning the plateaus of Trans-Caucasia, the pampas of the Paraguay and Parana, the plains of Uganda and the wide sweeps of mysterious China into fields of blossoming white?

It is a picture more bizarre than threatening. As many have long believed, the South not only would have been better

off in the past but would be in the future—without cotton. But for cotton, Dixie's splendid history would not be darkened by the last shadow of chattel slavery. There would have been no Civil War. That passing provincialism which held the South's thought aloof from the world at large, and caused its people to be unjustly misunderstood, is due to cotton.

And that poverty and ignorance, which as a Southerner I refer to in sadness and solely out of fidelity to truth, which renders the people in some remote communities of the South objects of pity such as we feel for few spots in the New or Old World, can be traced to cotton's strange fondness for extremes. And about all of big quality that can be credited to it is a distinctive civilization (modernized by the blood of brothers), the relics and memories of which will ever charm historians and romanticists; and a foreign trade of for a new nation.

Those blue months of early fall, 1914, demonstrated more than was apparent. The Prussian bayonet had caused the South's business structure to reel. The South stood in awe, dazed. Though famine dared put forth its fearful threat, the South didn't tremble or lose its nerve. For the South could have thrown every bale of cotton into the sea, burned every ginhouse, destroyed every cotton seed and interjected further planting of cotton, and still would have been in a better financial and commercial situation, aye by fifty times, than at the close of the Civil War. For the South has outgrown cotton. Relatively, cotton is in the minority. Though it still dominates Southern finance, being a product peculiarly financial, it no longer tyrannizes Southern commerce, except in a remotely banking sense. It is exceeded in volume by the production of foodstuffs. The value of the South's manufactures double it. Combine lumber, minerals, naval stores, tobacco, fruits, and a score of products in which the section is leading or might lead, and you have a commercial giant by which cotton would be a pigmy. Then remember that all these are "infant industries"; that the industrial South is in its childhood; that its natural wealth has hardly been

"discovered," much less massed for development—and you find that cotton can be eliminated and leave a land rich in fact and in prospect.

A suspicion of all this is creeping into the mind of the Southerner and is influencing his attitude toward the nation and the world. For a hundred and twenty years the main-spring of political and business opinion in the South was cotton. Unravel the often complicated texture of Southern sentiment and you find the binding thread was ever cotton.

It is so no longer. Great Britain's declaration of war on Germany was apparently the heaviest blow ever dealt cotton. Yet the South was with Great Britain. The British embargo delayed as to cotton out of deference to Southern opinion but put into full effect in 1915, cost the South hundreds of millions of dollars. There was some ground for the argument that the embargo was illegal. Still the South made no protest—it really approved the move, and was glad to contribute its losses to the cause it now joins in openly espousing. Efforts to arouse sentiment there against the embargo, made by able men whose leadership is usually accepted, brought forth general condemnation. The South's opinion rose above the interests of cotton. For the South at last is independent—even of cotton, its king and former tyrant, though King Cotton now occupies his throne more majestically than ever before.

THE FEDERAL FARM LOAN ACT

DAVID SHELTON KENNEDY

THE Federal Farm Loan Act opens a new epoch in American agriculture. It lifts farming from the morass of individualistic effort and places the planter in the forefront of co-operative enterprise. For the first time the American genius for organization, which has recorded its achievements in railroading, finance, and most of all in our great manufacturing industries, has turned its full powers towards solving the money problems of the farmers.

These appear to be extravagant statements, but they hardly measure the importance of the step which has been taken. While the Farm Loan Act may prove to be faulty and in need of frequent revision, it is not to be doubted that the basis has been laid for radical changes in rural life. Systems with a similar purpose have reached full success in Denmark and Germany. This plan, formed with a view to American needs, is an experiment, on a colossal scale, which has every prospect of satisfactory operation.

The personnel of the Farm Loan Board has been determined and the system is organized for business. Coming into existence at the moment when the United States enters the world war, the first task of the Board is to aid in solving the problems of national defence. Through the extending of loans to farmers for the purchase of machinery the new credits plan is a means of vital assistance to the country. The Board estimates that \$125,000,000 will be advanced to farmers in 1917 for this purpose and it is preparing to float bonds to that amount.

Approximately \$100,000,000 a year will be saved to the farmers in interest charges when the plan is in full operation. It is expected that ultimately the \$4,000,000,000 of farm mortgages outstanding will be converted into the new mortgages. The average interest rate over the entire country at present is 7.4 per cent. The rate established by the Farm Loan Board is 5 per cent flat. This compares with

the exorbitant rates of as much as 10 per cent in Montana, Wyoming, and New Mexico, and with the minimum rate of 5.3 per cent in New Hampshire.

Under the old, disjointed system, mortgage rates were high in the West and South where capital was lacking and low in the East where funds were more plentiful. The Farm Loan Act establishes uniformity throughout the nation by the mobilization of credit.

The bonds issued under the system will sell at a $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent rate, while the farmers obtaining the money will pay 5 per cent. The difference of one-half of one per cent defrays the entire expense of the business. The farmer will accordingly be able to borrow money needed for the growth of his farm at the lowest rates ever known in the history of the country.

About 47 per cent of our population, or nearly 50,000,000 persons, lives in rural communities or in villages which are next door to the farms. They not only furnish most of the foodstuffs for the remainder of the nation, but they supply 80 per cent of the raw materials which are utilized by the factories of the country.

At present, also, the farmers of the United States are the one defence standing between the world and famine. Germany faces starvation today because she is cut off from the food supplies of the United States. Food is scarce in Denmark, the Netherlands, Sweden and Norway, because the blockade prevents free importation from this country. The one hope which Germany retains of starving Great Britain into submission is that the submarines may be able to cut off supplies from the United States.

These facts are conclusive in showing the primary importance of the agricultural resources of the nation. Figures will emphasize this. For instance, in the fiscal year 1916 the total valuation of the crops and the animal production was \$13,449,000,000, an increase of \$2,674,000,000 over the preceding year. Of this sum, \$9,111,000,000 represented crops and the remainder, \$4,338,000,000, the value of animal products.

These figures emphasize the fact that our rural population constitutes the largest and most powerful part of the nation. Since the formation of the republic agriculture has been the mainstay of national life, while we have reached industrial and financial prominence only in the last two generations. Yet we have had meetings of one Congress after another in which a multitude of measures have been enacted for the benefit or control of corporations and banks, and at the same time there has been a dearth of laws to assist farming on a national scale.

According to many bankers and corporation specialists, the farmers have not needed assistance. This is untrue. Farming is now the greatest of the country's industries, but it has been restricted from reaching a far greater power by a lack of adequate financing. While our banks are now on a sound and scientific basis and our corporation methods are admittedly the most effective in the world, the financing of the farmers and farm products has been carried on under a credit system which is a relic of Revolutionary days.

The financial needs of the farmers fall naturally into three divisions: personal credits, commercial credits, and long term financing for the acquiring of land and its improvement.

The operation of the Federal Reserve System has done much to relieve the first two. With the freer circulation of money in the rural states since the Reserve System was put into operation, farmers have been able to obtain money on promissory notes at lower average rates than before. Each loan of this character is a matter to be negotiated between the banker and the individual planter. Similarly the facilities of the Reserve banks have proved of benefit to the farmers by making funds easier to obtain on acceptances, bills of lading and warehouse receipts. These are forms of paper which have acquired a far greater significance since the Reserve banks have come into existence. Nevertheless, they are chiefly methods of financing the middleman rather than the farmers, who rarely attend to the shipping of their products to markets themselves. In the great majority of cases,

especially in the South, the products of the farms are sold at the railroad stations to middlemen.

It is the third kind of financing, that of long term loans, which the Farm Loan Board is designed to solve. In order to define the difference between the present method and the new system, let me describe each in turn.

In every rural community there is the neighborhood David Harum. In some communities his number is ten or twenty. He is a man who has been fortunate enough to put by a few thousand or a few scores of thousands of dollars. With the co-operation of the local banks he lends his money on mortgages at high rates of interest, as compared with rates in the large cities. In many cases the mortgages are not paid off for a generation or for two generations. The lender lives upon his interest and is not concerned with the paying of the mortgages so long as the rates are paid. If the farmer is finally forced to give up the burden the farm is taken over and sold, thus providing new money with which to repeat the process. The local Shylock lives upon the life-blood of his neighbors.

Money loaned out, principally under this method, now amounts to about \$4,000,000,000. While there are exceptions to the situation, it is true in a majority of the cases. Let us compare this with the conditions to prevail under the Farm Loan Act.

The Farm Loan System combines the credit of all the rural borrowers of the country, thus giving a system which is almost as sound as the Government of the United States. The Board establishes twelve Federal land bank districts. Each bank starts with a capital of \$750,000, but it gets additional money for lending by automatic increases in its capital stock and by the sale of its bonds. In every community the farmers who wish to borrow money form a local Farm Loan Association, which passes upon the desirability of each loan and upon the purposes for which it is to be issued. This, in turn, is subject to approval by a land bank examiner. No one farmer may borrow more than \$10,000 nor less than \$100. No national farm loan association may start with less than \$20,000 in loans.

When a bank has loaned \$50,000 and taken \$50,000 in first mortgages, which are not issued for more than 50 per cent of the appraised value of the land, it may then issue \$50,000 of bonds against the mortgages to produce another \$50,000 to lend the farmers. This process may be repeated until the capital of the bank is turned over twenty times. If the capital of the bank were limited to \$750,000 it would have a lending capacity of \$15,000,000, but the law provides for the automatic increase in the capital of the bank through the requirement that each national farm loan association must buy stock in the bank equal to 5 per cent of its loans. Since the bank is permitted to lend twenty times its capital, it is observed that as \$1,000 is added to the capital, the lending capacity is increased \$20,000 and the ratio between the capital and the lending capacity remains the same. Practically there is no limit to the ability of the bank to serve the needs of the farmers, so long as it can sell its bonds.

The Government stock is gradually paid off and retired as the subscriptions by farm loan associations increase. This is essentially a farmers' banking system and the law contemplates that the farmers shall eventually own and control it. The Government intends to benefit the actual farmer, not the landlord or speculator. Limiting the size of the loans to \$10,000 prevents the use of the act for the purposes of land monopoly. The farmer cannot borrow more than one-half of the value of his land and 20 per cent additional of the value of the permanent insured improvements. Let me illustrate this. If the land is worth \$15,000, the farmer would be entitled to borrow \$7,500, and if the improvements were worth \$5,000, he could borrow \$1,000 more or \$8,500 in all.

The effect of the system is to apply to farming the methods of financing corporations, which by the issue of stocks and bonds have built up our remarkable industrial structure, having about 50 per cent of the labor-saving machinery of the world.

The rate of interest on loans is determined by the rate at which the bonds will sell. Let me illustrate this also. As the bonds are selling at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, the rate on money lent

to the farmers is placed at 5 per cent. The law provides that there shall be a margin of not more than 1 per cent between the price of the bonds and the rate of interest on the money for the borrower. This margin is to pay the expenses of the bank. If the expenses are less than 1 per cent the interest will be reduced by that sum. In no event will the rate to farmers be more than 6 per cent.

Having studied the operation of the proposed system of rural credits, let us look into the rural conditions in the South and West which the Farm Loan plan will aid in solving. The problem of the farm is broader and more far-reaching than a matter of dollars and cents.

Take the cotton farmer as an instance. He has been advised by government officials and by his farm papers to diversify his crop and not to depend upon one staple product. The reason why the Southern farmer continues to raise cotton is because it is his only "money crop," that is,—the one product upon which in the fall of the year he can be sure to get dollars with which to pay off his notes, buy his clothes, and get funds for other personal needs. In fact he is forced by his creditors to raise cotton.

Early in the spring, when plowing time begins, the farmer is compelled to have money to pay his laborers and to buy his seed and fertilizer. To get this he gives his promissory note to the local banker. The note runs for nine months and is payable about November 15 of the same year. Throughout the summer he buys groceries and other necessities at the village store. It is understood that the account at the grocer's shall remain open until the crop is sold in the fall. In September and October the cotton is picked and ginned. By the first or middle of November the farmer is compelled to sell, regardless of the market, to meet his obligations. No other crop brings ready money so surely as cotton. The cotton passes into the hands of the middlemen and then to the brokers at New Orleans and New York or Liverpool. Finally it reaches the mills.

This was the situation before the enactment of the Federal Reserve law and the Federal Farm Loan Act. The

farmer was at the mercy of the local capitalists. Under the operation of these two systems the farmer is enabled better to store his cotton in a warehouse, borrow money from the bank upon a receipt, pay off his debts and hold his crop until he is ready to sell. If he desires to sell it direct to a New York broker he can finance the transaction by means of acceptances. If he wishes to buy more land or improve his property, he can obtain funds from the farm loan system when it becomes effective. His prospect is brighter than ever before.

The same situation prevails in the West in regard to the wheat farmers.

The farm loan system will prove a benefit not only to the planters but also to the capitalists who now own mortgages and to the bankers as well. The money lenders who now spend a considerable part of their time and take individual risks in investing their funds will be enabled to buy the new farm bonds issued by the government banks. They will obtain a lower rate of interest, but will be compensated for this by a feeling of absolute security in their investments. The law provides that the farmers may borrow money from the new system with which to pay off their mortgages now outstanding. In a similar manner institutions, trust companies, insurance companies and other concerns which are always seeking profitable and at the same time safe means of investment will find in the new land bonds a satisfactory outlet. The local bankers who see in the Federal land bank plan a menace to their profits will ultimately realize that the greatest profits come from communities where the farmers are prosperous and progressive and not from meagre interest ground from struggling planters.

It is interesting to note in this connection that a system similar in many respects has already been introduced in Canada. The Province of British Columbia put into force on May 1, 1916, the first agricultural credits plan ever established by a Canadian community, though there is precedent for it in other parts of the British Empire. The British Columbia plan started upon a modest scale, with only \$1,000,-

ooo of funds at the disposal of the Agricultural Credits Board, but there can be little doubt that the system will expand rapidly. Hundreds of applications were received before the Board was properly constituted for business. The funds for the use of the Board are provided by the government at a cost of about $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent and will be lent to farmers at less than 7 per cent.

While condemning some features of the Federal Farm Loan Act, Jacob H. Schiff of New York touched upon the real need for farm credits when he stated that the New York financial interests should not oppose a plan which would give the farmers something that the commerce of the country had already received.

"This is not only a very great, but also a very vast country," said Mr. Schiff. "Conditions are different in every section of the country. It is true that the Southern farmer does not need government aid, but he needs certain government encouragement. We bankers know that debentures based on farm mortgages cannot be as readily sold as bonds of industrial concerns or bonds of railroads, and I should like to see New York hold out some encouragement to that great West, to the varying interests which are the backbone of this country."

Farmers from the United States are moving to Canada in great numbers. This is a significant feature of the agricultural situation in this country. While a considerable number of planters own their farms, there is also a great shifting population of tenants who rent their land for a year or two, milk the soil of its fertility on a scanty use of fertilizer and then move on to another community. The problem of the tenant is one of the most important now confronting the South and the West. It is the hope of the Farm Loan Board that easier facilities for obtaining money to buy land will encourage the wandering farmer to purchase property and settle down. The tenant is shiftless and irresponsible. The landowner seeks to improve his holdings, to educate his children and to become a better citizen.

The farm loan plan will encourage the breaking up of

landlordism in the South, which has been in the process of dissolution for a generation. The number of small farmers is becoming greater in many states and in this direction lies improvement in rural conditions. The farming sections of the country are far from overpopulated. Let me give some facts to prove this.

Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane states that 254,945,589 acres of land remain in the public domain. These acres are located in twenty-five states, extending from California to Michigan, from Florida to Washington. All but 2,290,000 acres of it lies in the Far West, with Nevada containing the highest acreage, 55,375,077. An even dozen of the extreme Western states alone hold more than 250,000,000 acres. Of this amount practically 92,000,000 acres are unsurveyed.

With this stupendous area of land unoccupied, there is no need that American farmers should emigrate to Canada. There is a need for the present farm loan system which will encourage and aid farmers to extend their occupation of our own public lands.

There is also another feature of the land situation which is significant. Approximately 100,000,000 acres of swamp lands exist in the United States, of which 75,000,000 acres can be reclaimed for agriculture. A. W. Douglas of St. Louis, chairman of the Committee on Statistics and Standards of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, states that this vast expanse of land which could be made available is 72 per cent of the entire acreage of our present corn crop and twice the average acreage planted in cotton.

The cost of drainage varies according to conditions and localities. In Missouri it ranges from three dollars to seven dollars an acre, and to this must be added the cost of clearing the land when timbered, which varies from twelve dollars to twenty-five dollars an acre. Once cleared the price of the land ranges from fifty dollars an acre upwards.

The work of the government is adding many millions of acres to the productiveness of the nation. Secretary Lane, in his last annual report, announced that the reclamation

service had made available 250,000 acres, or 5,000 farms, for agriculture, by providing means of irrigation. Twenty million acres of land were taken in 1916 as homesteads, compared with 17,000,000 acres in the year before.

The potentialities of the farm life of the United States are enormous. The Federal Farm Loan Act will undoubtedly give a tremendous impetus to agricultural development, which is already progressing at a moderate pace. The value of farm lands in the United States, without improvements, is now estimated at \$45.55 an acre, as compared with \$40.85 a year ago, \$40.31 two years ago, \$38.10 three years ago, and \$36.23 four years ago.

These figures show that farm values have increased about 25 per cent in the last four years. If they meant that conditions in farming communities are growing better at the same rate the showing would be satisfactory. Unfortunately a considerable part of the increase, especially the marked advance in the last year, is due the general inflation of values which has followed the European war with the great influx of gold into this country. Part of the increase is due also to speculation in land, which is not a healthy growth. The Federal Farm Loan Act does not assist speculators, but will aid farmers to own their own homes and develop a property which will give returns in wheat, cotton, corn and bacon.

There are 90,000 students in agricultural colleges and high schools in all parts of the nation. Every four years this number of trained and aggressive young men become potential farmers. Many of them probably settle upon ancestral estates. Other thousands have the training, but do not possess the capital to purchase farms for themselves. Under the present system of financing the farmer these men might find it impossible to become landowners, but under the Farm Loan Act there is an incentive to save half of the sum necessary, when it will become possible for them to borrow the remainder.

DEFEAT OF FEDERAL INSPECTION OF GRAIN

J. E. KELLEY

WITH the enactment of the general Agricultural bill, the farmers of this country sustained another defeat.

For twelve years they have been pleading with and petitioning Congress to enact a law establishing complete "Federal Grading and Inspection of Grain," but the amendment that was attached to the above bill simply established federal supervision of local inspection. This measure may be a step in the right direction; it may remedy some of the glaring evils that exist; but that it is not the intention of its promoters, the speculative grain interests, to extend through such a medium any real measure of relief to the grain growers is perfectly apparent.

The demand of the grain grower is that the man who sells grain and the man who buys grain should stand upon a plane of perfect equality before the man who grades and inspects grain. For regardless of what rules may hedge him about, the inspector of grain is clothed with a discretionary power which if used in the interest of either buyer or seller is worth vast sums of money in the course of a season's business.

Consequently, the inspector of grain should be as free from the influence of either seller or buyer as the judge upon the bench or the jury in the trial of a cause. Yet the men engaged in America's greatest industry pleaded in vain to the Congress of the United States for the poor privilege of a grain-inspection system that would at least stop one of the many ways by which the farmers are separated from their wealth.

WHY THE GAMBLERS WANT FEDERAL SUPERVISION

The uninitiated may wonder why it is that the grain speculators, the great terminal combine, desire federal super-

vision of local inspection, but bitterly oppose complete federal inspection. There is a reason. It is a fine piece of business acumen to be able to control the inspection department of a great terminal market, and have the discretionary power therein vested thrown in one's favor—it is worth millions of dollars, and the thing is so easily accomplished! Does not the elevator combine have its own hired men do the job for it as a rule? It surely does, for of the forty odd grain exchanges in the country not more than five of them are even under the supervision of the state in which they exist. And even where there is a pretense of state inspection, as is the case in Minnesota, the situation is no better, for not only does the Chamber of Commerce of Minneapolis dominate the grading department of that state, but the entire state, legislature and all, as well.

The men who actually do the inspection are, however, nothing more or less than average men. They probably rarely, if ever, see the grower of the grain they inspect. They do not know him; they do not hear his complaint, if such he has. He is far removed from them. In fact, the grower sells to a local elevator agent and he alone has to contend with the inspection at the terminal. Therefore, it is the business of the local elevator man to see to it that he grades the grain he takes in from the farmers sufficiently low to enable him to meet whatever deal he may get from the terminal inspection department without loss, and the records do not reveal an instance where they have failed in this particular.

Eighty per cent of the grain growers whose grain is graded and sold in the Minneapolis exchange have neither voice nor vote in the state of Minnesota. They reside for the most part in the states of North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana and Wisconsin, and have as little influence in the state of Minnesota, and are as impotent to effect conditions favorable to honest inspection of the grain they produce, as if they were inhabitants of a South Sea island. Hence it is an easy matter for the grain trust of Minneapolis to have grain graded severely low as it is coming into their hands, and graded "easy" and lightly as it goes out of their hands.

A PRODUCT OF ENVIRONMENT

The question is often asked: "Are so-called grain gamblers as black as they are painted?" The answer is that good and bad men are engaged in this business the same as in all other callings. If men engaged in the grain business are guilty of reprehensible conduct in a greater degree than are men engaged in other occupations, it is because a vicious system has grown up about them and many of them are in a great measure the product of environment. They have been exercising their own sweet will for so long a time, as between them and the grain producer, that they naturally look upon the latter as a class having no rights that anybody is bound to respect. Hence the farmer is left out of their calculations entirely with this exception—they never intend to strip him completely so as to stop production. Thus through all of their manipulations, speculations and price-fixing they usually stop the downward trend of prices at marketing time at about the cost of production. If by any chance the producer should escape with anything above this figure, however, the grain interests have many different schemes by which to get him later.

A review of the report of the chief inspector of grain for Minnesota will convince anybody that the above statements are true. The report for 1913 discloses the following facts: During the ten years from 1903 to 1912, reinspection was called for on 160,857 cars of grain. Of this number the grade was lowered on 24,952 cars and raised on 135,899 cars on reinspection, which shows that more than five hundred per cent of such cars was graded low, as compared with those graded too high. Or, in other words, that the producer had but about one chance in six as against the terminal buyer. On cases of appeals, conditions are shown to be even worse.

The total number of cars on which appeals were taken is 63,066. Of this number 4,414 cars were lowered and 58,652 cars were raised, showing that for the ten year average the grain producer had but one chance in thirteen as against the speculative buyer.

The reports show also that during the year 1909 60

per cent of all barley entering the Minnesota markets was graded above No. 1 feed barley, and that 68 per cent of the remainder was graded as No. 1 feed; while during the season of 1913 but 11.9 per cent of all shipments of barley is given a grade above No. 1 feed, and but 38 per cent of the remainder only is graded as high as No. 1 feed. This lowering of the price of barley by more severe grading means a great loss to the producer and a corresponding gain to the grain speculators. And should the present scheme of grading continue for a few years more, and in the same downward proportion as for the previous five years, not a single bushel of barley entering the terminal markets of Minnesota will be graded above the feed standard.

Nor can this condition be attributed to deterioration in the quality of the grain grown, for the decline in grade has been constant and continuous.

STATEMENT OF DR. LADD

Dr. Ladd, president of the North Dakota Agricultural College, and one of the greatest authorities of this country on wheat, wheat grading, and milling, published the following statement in the *Nonpartisan Leader* in its issue of July 21, 1916:

"I can take the records of the Minnesota elevators and show you a huge discrepancy between their records of purchases of wheat and their shipments. No. 1 Northern wheat shipped out of the elevator is very different grain from No. 1 Northern as received by the elevator. The elevator man, to say nothing of the miller, makes his big profits by the mixing of wheat, a thing he is well able to do by virtue of the fact that the present system of grading grain is obsolete and well adapted to juggling of just this sort. This is doubly unfair to the producer. The producer is robbed in the sale of his grain and he is robbed again through the bad influence exerted on the price of his product by this leveling of the grades through the mixture of different qualities of wheat to get a grade which will just pass inspection as No. 1."

Mr. D. H. Stuhr, crop specialist and barley expert, of

Davenport, Iowa, in his testimony before the Committee on Agriculture of the House of Representatives, 63d Congress, 2nd session, House roll 14,493, page 456, answering a question put by a member of the Committee, said: "What makes the present system of inspection so unreliable? Simply because they do not inspect and grade honestly according to the inspection and grading rules and regulations; and bear in mind that practically all of the grain is sold out by sample on its merits and not by grade. The present grades are simply used for speculative purposes, pure and simple, to establish cash trading values."

Con. Moss: "Are you willing to leave that work of standardization to the Department of Agriculture?"

Mr. Stuhr: "I am willing, under the circumstances, to get ahead and to get some sort of protection and minimize the awful existing unjust grading system. There are gradings referred to which would show a difference of 10 to 20 cents a bushel. These grades referred to in the analytical report were taken in as feed barley when it was absolutely malting barley. All of this barley goes out of these markets as malting barley."

Mr. James A. Patten, of Chicago, one of the best-known grain men in the world, gave the following testimony before the Supreme Court of the State of Illinois—pages 299, 306-307 of the abstract of record: "I was affected by the competition to a certain extent. The New England trade makes a specialty of yellow corn. There are grades in our markets or 2 and 3 yellow corn. They would buy both grades to go to store, but I noticed that they rarely inspected any 3 yellow corn out of store. It always came out No. 2. They didn't give the trade East what they claimed to, although they gave them the inspection certificate of out inspection."

Testimony of Frank R. Crumpton of Duluth: Q. "Mr. Crumpton, where do you reside?" A. "Superior, Wis." Q. "How long have you lived there and carried on a grain business?" A. "About 16 years." Q. "Most of the grain, I take it, handled by you came from the West?" A. "Yes." Q. "What was the fact with reference to the amount of

grain reported by the Minnesota Railroad Commission as received in Superior?" A. "Well, I will have to answer that question more fully. These figures here are taken for Duluth and Superior." Q. "They were all under the management and inspection and weighing of the Minnesota Railroad and Warehouse Commission and its appointees, were they not?" A. "Yes." Objected to as irrelevant and immaterial. The Court: "I suppose he wants to get those figures before the court for the purpose of having the court know generally the amount of business, is that right, Mr. Luse?" Mr. Luse: "Certainly." The Court: "This evidence is offered as tending to show that their inspection was unfair?" Mr. Luse: "Certainly." Mr. Crumpton: "The report shows more shipped and manufactured than was received." Q. "To what extent?" A. "According to these figures, twenty-six million bushels." Q. "For what time?" A. "Ten years." Q. "Fourteen years, covering a period of ten years, twenty-six million more shipped out—that is, taking the amount manufactured—than was received into the market?" A. "Yes, sir." Q. "What ten years does that cover?" A. "That's from 1893 to 1902, inclusive." Q. "Were these facts, as you have testified to them now, from the reports of the Railroad and Warehouse Commission, brought before the committees of the Legislature of Wisconsin by yourself?" A. "Yes." The Court: "What has been said in this opinion respecting changes of weight, dockage and arbitrary changes of grades is borne out by the record as presented on these motions, nor was there upon the argument any substantial denial of the facts charged." The Court continued: "It is also clear to me that so important a matter as fixing the grades by which grain in interstate commerce can be sold admits of one uniform system or plan of regulation and only one, and therefore falls within the exclusive power of Congress."

A Protest from the Italian Government: The Department of Agriculture, in a recent bulletin, published the following protest from the Italian government as to the grading and inspection of grain coming from the United States to

ports of Italy: "The Italian embassy begs to inform the State Department that in the last few months there have arrived in Italy from the United States quite a number of shipments of wheat which were found to be in very poor condition, largely unfit for consumption, notwithstanding the fact that they were accompanied by regular inspection certificates issued by competent State authorities. These occurrences have created a most unfavorable impression in Italian commercial circles." The Department of Agriculture then adds: "It is evident that after repeated experiences with grain which arrives in an unsatisfactory condition. European buyers will not and do not bid as high a price for grain covered by certificates, in which there is such a widespread lack of confidence, as they would be willing to bid for the same grain if assured that the grain indicated by the certificates under the grade rules would be delivered.

"It is likewise clearly evident that this lack of confidence in American grain certificates is of the highest importance to our producers, in that the price they receive for their grain at the country elevator is, in a large measure, under normal conditions influenced by quotations from Liverpool."

FARMERS IN REVOLT

Volumes of testimony might be piled up, almost without limit, proving the utter abandonment by the grain combine of every consideration of decency or honesty in its attitude toward either producer or consumer. Enriched almost beyond measure by the accumulated spoils of its depredations, and emboldened more and more as each new success adds to its potential power of aggression and accumulation, organized piracy, disguised under the names of different grain exchanges, has fastened its hooks upon the industrial people of this country in a manner that would put to shame the most artistic accomplishments of a Captain Kidd. The limits of this article will not permit of a proper characterization of this powerful but infamous organization of organizations, the evidence of whose acts exist in

every city, town and hamlet throughout the length and breadth of this land, in vanished fortunes, wrecked homes and blighted lives. Yet for twelve successive years it has held the Congress of the United States in its grip, while the men who by their industry and perseverance furnish food for our hundred million of people wasted their efforts upon the desert air.

So intolerable have conditions become that the farmers of the agricultural Northwest are in open revolt against the wholesale robberies that have been practised against them continuously during the past twenty years. Over three thousands of the most progressive farmers, living in the States of North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, Minnesota and Wisconsin have banded together to protect themselves from the ravages of the mighty octopus, and are now engaged in building a large terminal elevator at St. Paul, Minnesota, where an independent terminal selling agency has been established under the name of The Equity Co-Operative Exchange. Last year, even without a terminal elevator, over fifteen million bushels of grain was handled by this farmers' institution, in the face of the most terrific commercial warfare waged by the powerful Chamber of Commerce of Minneapolis. Not only has the Chamber of Commerce of Minneapolis controlled the city of Minneapolis and the entire State of Minnesota in the past, but it likewise controlled the State of North Dakota. The farmers of North Dakota, however, have thrown off the yoke. Last spring they nominated a non-partisan ticket at the primary election by an overwhelming vote, and there is not the slightest doubt of their success at the general election.

Thus while Legislatures and Congresses are bowing to the power of the grain combine and ignoring the just demands of the grain growers, a movement is on foot by which at least a part of the glaring existing wrongs shall be righted; and the prediction is here ventured that before many years pass by a Congress shall be assembled that will hear and heed the voice of the food producers of this country.

LUMBER FOR A THOUSAND SHIPS

(WHAT IT MEANS AND WHERE IT WILL COME FROM)

CHARLES J. STOREY

IT was not many years ago when we had our first billion dollar Congress and that expenditure rather took us off our feet. But we have gotten used to talking in billions and our first Liberty Loan was taken up as though it had been thousands instead of billions. And now the Council of National Defence announces that we shall use at least two billion feet of lumber in our war preparations.

To comprehend what this enormous amount of timber means it is necessary to have some idea of what it will construct. At present we are somewhat like the man who would build a house and is overwhelmed by the architects' estimates as to the quantity of material needed for it.

Two billion feet of timber is approximately 5 per cent. of the total yearly production of the United States. To get this lumber quickly and at a reasonable price various lumber organizations in the country have pledged themselves to the Government to make every effort to have the timber cut and the lumber manufactured in the shortest possible time. No recruits from the first draft can be received until some 500,000,000 feet of lumber is converted into barracks to house the soldiers in training. We cannot begin to train aviators for the flying corps until several million feet of pine has been made into nests for the giant birds when they come down after their flight. And our fleet of wooden merchant ships will still sail on paper until the timbers allotted to their construction have been hewn and mortised and bolted into place.

Approximately 400,000,000 feet of lumber is to be used in building the merchant fleet of 3,000 ton vessels which are to help break the submarine blockade and carry food and munitions to our allies. Each ship will take about a million

and a half feet of yellow pine or western fir to build it. Over 250 vessels will be built from this amount of lumber each 281 feet long and with a carrying capacity large enough to transport enough food to feed a small town several months. Two hundred and fifty boats is a good sized fleet, considering that Uncle Sam has never gone into ship building to any great extent before. If the boats all went steaming out to sea bow to stern, they would make a column nearly thirteen miles long. It would keep a U boat rather busy trying to sink all these, especially if they were well armed fore and aft.

The great army cantonments which are needed for the training of the six hundred thousand men who will be called to the colors the first of September, will require 500,000,000 feet of lumber, almost a foot of timber for every man enlisted. This construction will include barracks in which the soldiers will be housed, mess halls with tables, chairs and benches, lavatories equipped with shower baths, army post offices, telephone and telegraph offices and all the buildings which go to make up the vast cities in which the first soldiers mobilized will train in.

At Fort Sheridan, Ill., barracks and other buildings for the accommodation of 3,300 soldiers have already been erected. This soldiers' hotel took almost a million and a half feet of lumber. To house these 21 companies, 42 barracks were built, with 21 mess buildings and the same number of other buildings, such as lavatories, post offices, etc. Even the furniture in the mess building, the tables and benches, were made on the spot.

There is no waiting where wood is used. This particular camp was erected within ten days from the time the order was received at the Chicago office of the contractors. To convert this million and a half feet of lumber into buildings, 785 workmen were employed, working one shift only. And all this lumber will house only 3,300 soldiers. It is easy to see that a good many million feet must be necessary to make comfortable quarters for over half a million men.

To construct training camps for the 7,500 aviators which the Government needs, 120,000,000 feet of lumber will be

used. This includes not only barracks for the men but also sheds for the 1,800 aeroplanes. Then there must be repair shops built, supply building and other necessary constructions. These camps will be scattered over the country, perhaps as many as thirty or forty of them. The cost of the timber alone, without labor, will be about \$4,200,000.

The ship building, barracks and aviation camps will take only about half of the 2,000,000,000 feet of lumber estimated for. The other billion feet will be used up in wood for army wagons, automobiles, army cots, tent poles, gunstocks, etc. Shipping cases for army and navy supplies will eat up a good many feet. Docks and piers have to be built for the special needs of the War Department. Then there will have to be lumber for the practice trenches at all camps, mine timbers for the engineers, lumber for railroad construction. Some wood will undoubtedly be shipped to France, as timber there has always been scarce and is now being used up or destroyed in the war. Large quantities are used at the front for dug-outs, flooring and walks. The French army employ the Territorials, men of middle age, in lumbering and preparing timbers for use in the trenches. It is said that the French and English have taken to building what they call in the South, corduroy roads. These are simply logs laid in rows across the road where it is marshy. This makes a rough but quickly laid road.

The bill for the two billion feet of lumber will be about \$70,000,000. Some of it will be sold to the Government at a price fixed by the lumber manufacturers of Oregon and Washington. They have agreed to sell all lumber for the Government's ship building scheme for \$35 a thousand feet, which is \$5 below the regular market price. This price will not apply to lumber sold to private concerns who are doing government work, but still it will be a substantial saving for Uncle Sam.

If we reduce this two billion feet of boards and joints to terms which every one is familiar with, some 86,000 dwelling houses could be built of it. These, of course, would not be mansions, just the six room and bath variety, with a porch

and wooden steps. If built in one place they would make a city with the population of Buffalo. If we wanted to make a sort of Atlantic City board walk along our coasts, the lumber would be sufficient to build one twenty-five feet wide from Maine to the Gulf of Mexico and from California to Washington.

The 400,000,000 feet of pine and fir used in each ship to be built would construct 68 neat wooden detached houses, a whole street full of them, and have some odd boards left over for chicken houses and fences. The timber used in the aviation sheds and barracks would furnish 120,000 owners of autos with a fine 12 by 14 garage apiece.

THE GOLD RUSH OF 1917

E. R. CROWELL

THE gold rush is on again in California. Not the boiling stampede of '49 and Klondyke days, but a steady, deliberate filling of old trails and searching for new ones. Underneath, it's the same gambling game of hot blood and racing dreams. But the blood and dreams are harnessed now and they are doing things to the gold.

With all due respect to the tourist folders, California is not a rose-embowered parlor car reposing amidst venerable missions, howling round-ups, serenades (in melodious but garlicy Spanish), and chicken tamales. That is the highly decorative fringe the tourist touches and for which he is "touched." The real California is a country of appalling horizons, raw hills, newly heaved into being with the mark still on them, lost ranges where the glaciers never melt and men's bones crumble on forgotten peaks, valleys and deserts wide as rolled-out worlds. Not an arrangement for pleasing the eye and the nose and divers railroad heads. But a place for the wrenching and stretching of souls, vitalizing through its stupendous power. Such was the California of '49, that dealt rugged death to as many as it enriched. Such, despite its manicured edge, is the California of today.

The Coast Range runs along the ocean from end to end—a seal wall of hills, averaging about 3000 feet, wooded in places but, for long stretches, bare, empty of life. The hills carry little gold. Their mineral wealth lies in baser metals: magnesite, quicksilver, magnesia, chrome, manganese. With the war these are gradually being exploited. But the value or extent of the deposits cannot be reckoned as yet. Beyond the Coast Range two great rivers with their plains form the central basin—California's workroom, little known to tourists—flat, deep soiled, of wealth beyond estimation. Springing from these abruptly are the foothills, the Sierras—and gold.

Jim Marshall found gold at Sutter's Fort in '48. Then came pandemonium. Days and deeds befell that have be-

come national wonder tales. For some ten years they turned the country's blood and soil upside down. Then something else came along. For a generation the hills have been very still. Now, with unrest in the city markets, the old call comes again and the boom is on.

AN UNSYMPATHETIC GOVERNMENT

The interference of an unsympathetic government put an end to that sport, and to the kindred work of ground-sluicing, where young rivers were carried by flumes from their natural courses to assist in the wholesale gutting. The mighty Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers began to choke. Their channels no longer floated deep-draft vessels. Moreover, at the spring meltings they cast themselves furiously from their silt-obstructed beds and worked havoc on the plains. So the law came which prevents hydraulicing on tributaries entering navigable streams. Hydraulicing is still going on—on the Rogue River in Oregon, which empties directly into the ocean, and in a few other places. And hydraulicing and extensive ground-sluicing made and make Klondyke finds possible. But as California games they are done.

Last, and least known of old mining work, was "pocket mining." Thanks to those unspeakably dreary school "g'ographies" with which our youth was hampered, we all retain pictures of milling and hydraulicing processes. The latter method was endeared to me by a picture of a jaunty gentleman with much feet and whiskers daintily manipulating what seemed to be a garden hose of motherly proportions—the whole affair as little like the booming reality as a Japanese garden is like Pike's Peak. But there was never the slightest attempt to lay before us the eye cracking joys of pocket mining. There was a job for you! As whimsical, maddening, and intoxicating a deal as the most ravishing Nick Carter tale that ever wrapt a youngster in gooseflesh. To the small boy in man nature it holds unescapable lure. And because the Mexicans are preeminently children and gamblers it became a peculiarly Mexican game. Also

because it afforded more hours for the laying on one's back and the feeding of one's soul with dreams and "Dago red."

Unlike milling values, pocket gold follows no regular chute and is subject to no orthodox calculation. Through the rock it goes on a will-o'-the-wisp trail. Here a glimmer, there a gleam, now a prospect that hints at an Aztec hoard will end in worthless "bull quartz." Again, without warning, the clearing of the powder smoke will expose a mass of gold wired or spattered through the rock, or welded into a core of almost pure metal that will run in value from several hundred dollars to three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, the largest pocket ever found (the Bonanza Mine). Generally it "makes" in the quartz, but with beautiful disregard for all conventions it may bunch in the soft "gouge" or the porphyry surrounding the ore, or even in the despised "country rock" itself which forms the "foot wall" and "hanging wall" of the vein.

Of course, one can write coolly and nonchalantly of things like this, as if one chucked the Judgment Day under the chin. But there is nothing cool in the finding. Be you lean and brown in overalls or fat and pink in tweeds, the chances are you will go temporarily quite insane and with a quantity of unnecessary conversation assure everyone that you "knew it was coming all along—didn't surprise you, by gosh!—not in the least excited—no sir-ee!" The while wiping your face violently on anything handy, oily waste preferred. Or you may jump about suddenly, hitting your chest and embracing the hoist man. It has been done.

Such were, and are, the simple joys of pocket mining—culminating usually, under the Mexican régime, in a prolonged orgy of strong drink, violent new clothes, and much versatile loving and knifing. All of which, I protest, they left quite out of our school books.

So they mined, those men of '49, in a staggering wilderness, through dreariness and hardships incredible. What it meant to most of them coming from the safe snugness, the *expectedness* of the east, we can hardly guess. A few jovial tales have come down—the echoes of dance halls and

gambling bouts—to cavort with the tourist folders. But of the real thing—the fury and fever, the immensity and savagery, the monotony of labor, the loneliness of freedom, and the death around the corner—only those who follow their trail can tell.

THE NEW RUSH

They went. Again from the plains the hills rose silent into mountain wilderness. Under the winter rains the 'dobe houses melted and became earth mounds. Machines grew rusty red, then crumbled. Bunk houses fell to rotting piles. A tide of grass swept in, covering the ruins, filling the trails. And now comes 1917.

Sixty years—and another world. Hand work and man power discarded faiths, the day of the little job and the individual venture passed with the nation's babyhood. All along the line, in homes, in schools, in factories, in stores, in governing bodies, there is an altered viewpoint. Altered perhaps for the better, perhaps for the worst, but altered beyond recall. Growth, cooling, hardening. The same human nature, greed and lust, envy and ambition, childishness and heroism, but working under different pressure toward ends less readily seen.

So the gold rush of 1917 is a sternly different thing on the outside than that brawling advance of '49. How they spread themselves and their moods, those other men! Such broadcast dreaming and splurging, rejoicing and adventuring; such an unstinted hurling of misdirected energy against the work in hand; such cheerful lack of judgment and wholesale waste; and such kingly contempt for small returns. Well, these are different days, though much less entertaining.

The gold rush of 1917 is outwardly as cool and direct an affair as a congressional meeting. On afterthought, it is considerably cooler and much more direct. Two hundred miles of mountain territory, almost uninhabited, roads hopelessly rutted, trails obliterated, gaping shaft-holes where famous mines once roared, kildees nesting in dry creek beds that yielded five hundred a day, cows munching where

Tarantula Bill shot up the town on Saturday nights. Up from the plains men in machines. Not many, a few, singly or in couples, high-pressure men, big machines. Fast traveling, cautious, scant-talking. Deliberate examination of claims, mining engineers and geologists, sampling for assay. No banking on chance "colors," no excitement over freak "high grade" rock. There's a new slogan now—"Big bodies of low grade ore." Ore that gives four dollars a ton, that leaves you (under average conditions) about one dollar and fifty cents of profit, with your mining, milling and overhead expense deducted. Doesn't sound exciting, does it? But if you are milling five hundred tons a day—that's quite a different matter.

Very slowly the work shapes up. Long days of investigating deeds, titles, and abstracts, with a mining lawyer probably retained to help on the job. One claim is found to be "open" land, owned and worked by no one. Such a claim can be held by exactly the same process that held it in '49, secured by a location notice, and assessment work done on it every year to the value of at least one hundred dollars. This, with the payment of regular taxes, holds it.

Or a claim may be owned with deeds to prove all previous real estate transactions. Still the assessment work may have lapsed, for one or more years. If it legally comes under the class of "mining claim," it may then be "jumped," although it has served continuously as cattle range or farm—for mineral interests take precedent over all others in the eyes of the government. Said "jumping" theoretically consists in the placing of a small piece of paper, a location notice, upon the desired ground. Practically it involves anything from a bloody nose to a hasty death. This pleasant little sport is usually indulged in at the midnight dawn of the new year, though the dark of any moon may see its prowling devotees on their way.

Or, finally, a claim may have been "patented." This consists in its being surveyed and mapped by a licensed government surveyor, proper application then being made to the government for a patent, the advertising of the application

for sixty days on the ground and in the nearest newspaper, and then (if no demurrer has been entered) the payment to the government of five dollars per acre (a mining claim is supposed to consist of twenty acres). After the acknowledged payment of this money the claim is safe from "jumping" or further location to the end of time, provided taxes are paid. No assessment work need to be done on such a claim. The non-payment of taxes on any claim, located, jumped, or patented, means the selling by the county of that claim at auction.

TANGLED CLAIMS

All such mining rights have become marvelously tangled in the Sierras. The yoking of law with pandemonium resulted in queer mix-ups. Owners and heirs were disposed of with a promptness and completeness highly satisfying to the operating parties but disconcerting to latter-day buyers. When Pedro Tornetti in '56 eliminated Tim Bryan from a promising pocket claim by means of a highly efficient bowie knife, he naturally did not place a death certificate on record to account for Tim's prolonged "vacation" down the abandoned mining shaft. So that Charles Brown, capitalist, wishing to buy and patent said claim in the year 1917, is at a loss to account for the unexplained lapse in the missing Timothy's title. Such homely bits of human interest are apt to underlie all legalities in the gold belt. Of course, they do it more politely in Wall Street—but it leaves Tim feeling about the same.

In '49 the only necessary preliminary to a mine opening was a "bust"—as juicy and prolonged as finances admitted. The recovery from said "bust" alone delayed the game. Immediately thereafter, things hummed. Deals do not consummate so easily, or with such gratifying festivities, in 1917.

The days go into weeks. Each move is made slowly, with utmost attention to detail. Lands are bought, titles cleared or started on the process to clearing, mill sites found, machinery inspected and compared. Every big factory has

a salesman call around. Gradually, quietly, it builds—The Game. All emotion in leash, used as deliberately as powder or money. But never forget the emotion is there. For no one who is not at heart a gambler makes a business of mining. Steel-eyed, care-hardened, still they are one with the audacious band who ever since the dawn of time have flung their lives and fortunes to the winds of chance. The other kind of man makes—lard.

Then come the surveyors. A toughened crew, eating their daily ham and beans in a murk of dust, sweat, “char-nise” brush, rocks, tar-weed, and probable rattlesnakes. Such is the “freedom of the West,” that fresh and virile life so pleasant to dream of while sitting under New England shade-trees consuming ginger pop. The “freedom of the West”—freedom to grow a sunburned neck, two blistered feet, alkali in your teeth and hair; freedom to prowl like a lone coyote; freedom to shed all your pretty aches and your pompous prides as scaled off skin; freedom to come at last, simple and small and new, to face your God in his timeless space and know you are a man.

In the meantime, if you’re one of that surveying gang, you curse, soulfully, in at least two languages. But you run your lines to a wire’s breadth (with a canny eye to the bosses’ interest) through a country hot as the rim of an active hell.

Then at last, maps made, claims patented, corporation drawn up, construction work begins with a smash. Here more than ever the contrast strikes. Speed—but not haste. Tremendous pressure—but all focused. Eagerness at melting heat—but kept in hand, hardened to a drill point. Nothing overlooked. In ’49 a man took his life in his hand, bunked where he could, ate what was offered, or shot the Chinese cook and stole “high grade” as his natural perquisite. Not so now. Conscience, in the form of “state compensation” and modern mining laws, has descended upon us. Here the powder-house must be placed so many feet from the workings. Just so must your shaft be sunk and timbered—so many air outlets, so many man ways, so many hours to work, so near must the doctor be. No hit

or miss feeding. Decent "change houses." By the owners there is exacted a strict accounting for hours and ore—and, strangest of all Sierra changes, *no drinking*. "Hit the bottle an' you're canned." So cries the voice in the wilderness.

It works. Houses and machines assembled. Day shift, "graveyard gang," night shift, miners and muckers, hoist men, blacksmiths, mill men, foremen, superintendent, pushing her along each in his groove, work interlocking. Against blank planes of hills the gaunt thing takes on shape. The "gallows frame" spraddles across the sky, ore bins gape hungry mouths, the huge mill sprawls and waits. Black webs of rails and cables for the hoist stretch from the "gallows" down the old shafts ragged night. More delicate, the deadly wires spin from transmitters charged with fiery power—death. The forges are lit. The first hoist bell clangs out. The great compressor wheels begin to whirr. Waking, the giant lunges into life. It's on!

So the feet come back to the Sierras—carefully, slowly, but shod with the same old nails. One by one the big mines are re-opening—new mills, new extraction processes, new labor laws, electricity used in place of steam and gasoline, tailings cyanided where they once were thrown away. They figure it down to the fraction of a cent, these modern argonauts. But after they have figured they sit quiet, crunching cigars, and their eyes glow. Not so far from Tarantula Bill after all.

And the towns—but that's not for the telling here. A life so complacently lawless, so cheerfully shiftless, and so ingenious in its evasion of work and other gloom needs a range of its own to ride in. But this you may know to a certainty—be they miners or cowboys, gamblers or promoters, or tramps with pan and pick, they are brothers again on the trail, as they were in '49.

PEANUTS AND PATRIOTISM

JUDSON D. STUART

EVERY acre of peanuts grown this season has meant an extra acre of ground for growing grain, since the foliage of the peanut is a valuable fodder, practically as nutritious for stock as alfalfa, and has thus released a large alfalfa acreage to the planting of grain.

Unless one has visited the great peanut belts through the Norfolk and Carolinas coast section, in Tennessee and especially in Texas, it is difficult to understand the surprising value of the peanut crop. In 1908 it amounted to \$12,000,000. Last year it was \$56,000,000, while this year's peanut crop will, according to all conservative estimates, reach a value of \$75,000,000.

Aside from the intrinsic value of the peanut crop, there is the great help that it extends to Uncle Sam in his war times. The crisp little kernel of the peanut, so dear to childhood and circus days, is but a small part of the value of the plant, for today we have learned how to utilize every scrap of it, from the tips of the green leaves to the very soil clinging around the nodules on the roots.

"Whatever happens, whatever demands may be made upon us by our Allies," says Dr. Simon Baruch of New York, "do not sacrifice any of our dairy cattle fodder. Milk is the most vitally important article of food we have. It means the health and strength of coming generations. When the English Food Controller ordered the milling of wheat up to fifty per cent, the quick result was a deplorably insufficient supply of milk."

Thanks to the biggest crop of peanuts in the history of our country, the threatened shortage of fodder for dairy cattle did not materialize. Added to the thousands of tons of peanut hay, which helped to make up for the decrease in ordinary hay, is the great bulk of oil cakes which will result from this year's bumper crop. There is no richer fodder for dairy cattle than the oil cakes. This is made from the broken bits of peanuts, the "thirds" or stunted, malformed peanuts that

cannot be sold either in the shells or salted, and all similar scraps.

First the oil is extracted from these poor quality nuts, and there is also great quantities of oil extracted from good grade nuts. The mass that remains is pressed into cakes, which is fed to dairy cattle. The cows are extremely fond of these oil cakes, the nutrition in them is much higher than in cottonseed meal or any other form of stock food, and it makes for a larger and richer supply of milk.

Here, then, is one method by which the peanut demonstrates its "patriotism." This crop is, in reality, of extreme value in helping to conserve food. It is a many sided crop, its values work out in various and surprising ways. The grain foods that would have to be fed to dairy cattle are milled and added to our stock of breadstuff, and yet there has been no lessening of dairy stock, or of the milk supply. Dr. Graham Lusk, Professor of Physiology at Cornell Medical College, recently said:

"We could destroy the cattle not needed for milk and we could put roast beef in the same category as canvasback duck and serve it with champagne without serious consequence, but we must maintain our milk supply."

Dr. Lusk is one of our highest of authorities on foods and food values. His books on the subject are accepted as standard. Consequently, when such an authority demands that our milk supply be maintained, and when our country demands that our grain crops be increased, it is plain that the once humble peanut is doing its "bit" surprisingly.

The value of the peanut plant is amazing. The foliage, it has been explained, is excellent fodder, rich in proteins so much needed by cattle. The peanuts bring the planters from \$1.50 up to \$2.30 per bushel, depending upon the time the crop is sold. When I was in the peanut belt the quotations from Norfolk, which controls the prices, read:

Spanish. Farmer's stock. Market firm at \$2.30 bu.

Virginias. Market firm. Fancy jumbo... $8\frac{1}{2}$ c. per lb.

Extra prime .. $8\frac{1}{2}$ c. per lb.

Prime 8 c. per lb.

The cost of planting an acre of peanuts must always vary according to the price of seed, but especially according to the cost of labor. It frequently happens that peanuts may be planted at a cost of no more than twelve cents per bushel. However, it is safer to set the average at 40 cents the bushel, since it sometimes costs as much as 70 or 80 cents.

One example of the prosperity that the peanut brings is seen in the case of a Sussex County, Va., planter. His cotton planting was a failure, the cold spring and heavy, cold rains prevented more than 10 per cent of it from coming up and that was stunted. In disgust he refused to replant to cotton and put in peanuts. Some of his friends felt that he was planting too many peanuts. But he averaged fifty bushels to the acre and he planted seventy acres. Last fall he sold 2500 bushels at \$1.50 a bushel and held the other thousand bushels. Late this spring he sold the remaining thousand at \$2.30. His judgment was good, and if he had not need of ready money he would have held his whole crop for the increase in prices. But as it was his entire crop brought him \$6,050, of which \$4,625 was clear profit.

And here is the big point—instead of planting seventy acres to alfalfa, he planted it to grain this spring, knowing that he would have seventy acres of peanut hay, which was equally as good for his stock. Here is a concrete example of what has happened all through the great peanut belt—thousands upon thousands of acres of good, fertile soil was given up to grain growing which, were it not for the big boom in peanut growing, would have been planted to alfalfa and hay.

The peanuts are picked from the plants and sacked. They go directly to the peanut factories, or plants where peanuts are cleaned and sorted. Dirt, sticks, and all are sold, because it is impossible to keep them out.

These peanuts are sorted, some are shelled for salted peanuts, some are left in big shells for sale, and the so-called "waste" goes into oil making, and that refuse goes into oil cakes. Much of the oil we use on our tables under the name of "Pure Olive Oil" is really peanut oil. It is quite as rich,

quite as palatable as the best olive oil and far superior to any other olive oil substitute.

The shells are saved. There was once a story going the round that certain rolled out grain flakes served as a breakfast food were made from peanut shells. This is not true. The shells are sold to manufacturers of tin plate. Right here is where the peanut becomes "patriotic" again, and helps conserve food. There are only two things that will put a polish on tin plate without leaving a scratch, one is middlings or the chaff and waste from milled wheat, and the other is peanut shells. When ground these shells make a soft, white powder, almost like talcum. Peanut shell polish is being used altogether and this releases the middlings to be used as food for cattle.

The peanut is a leguminous plant. It gathers nitrogen from the air and deposits it in nodules on the roots. Like clover, beans, soy peas, and other leguminous plants, the roots so filled with nodules of pure nitrogen form the best possible fertilizer for soil. By plowing the roots back the peanuts fertilize their own soil and save extra cost for that.

The peanut is doing something far greater than conserving food, or helping keep up the milk supply, or bringing good dollars into farmers' pockets—it is keeping farmers' sons on the farm and contented. The greatest danger in our country, in the last decade especially, has been the constant influx of young men from farms to the city. They have been needed on our farms but the lure of a regular pay envelope every Saturday and the glare of the street lights and the show posters on billboards, and similar city attractions, have been the cause of making the average farm boy rush to the city as soon as he is old enough to get a job.

To keep the boy on the farm, to make him an experienced, skillful farmer, has been a seemingly impossible task. But Uncle Sam's men in our Department of Agriculture began organizing clubs among boys and sending agents and demonstrators about teaching the boys scientific farming. As a result many a lad has grown two stalks of corn where his father could grow but one, or has taken a pig from a litter

and raised it to 360 pounds weight by means of Government instruction while his father could only get another pig from the same litter to weigh 60 pounds in the same time.

Peanut growing was included in these Government clubs and before long many Southern boys found they were making money. They have to rent the acre from their father or guardian, grow their peanuts according to instructions, keep accounts of every cost and make their reports. The winners get certificates of merit.

Then along came a Northern packing company and offered cash prizes to the members of these Government clubs. Only members of the Government clubs could compete, this to induce them to join the clubs. The success of these boys all through the peanut belt was astounding. In Greenville County, Va., I talked with Gordon Grizzard, sixteen. His story was a revelation.

"No, sir," he told me, "I don't aim to quit the farm and go to the city. Why should I? I couldn't make as much money in the city. I started in growing peanuts as a member of the Government club when this packing company offered cash prizes. I was surprised at the money I made with my crop, in addition to the cash prizes I won. As a result of my Beechnut Company prize money and my crop sales I now have a couple hundred dollars in the bank, a typewriter that cost a hundred dollars, and a Ford car. I am going to agricultural school this fall and am going to stick to the farm. When I want to see the movies I can jump in my car and go to Emporia, take a friend along, see the show, get the papers and magazines, and get back home in time to be in bed early enough for a good night's sleep. No, sir, I wouldn't go to the city. I am going to buy a big farm."

I met and talked with more than twenty such boys, most of them prize winners, many of whom were doing as well as the Grizzard boy.

"When Mr. J. S. Ellithorpe of Canajoharie, N. Y., came down here in connection with the packing company prizes," declared N. K. Ellis, of Waverly, Va., Sussex County demonstrator, "he did more to keep our boys on the farms than all

else. Working with the Government, he with the Beech-nut cash prizes and Uncle Sam with his agents and demonstrators, has been the biggest boom our section ever knew. Labor is scarce and it seemed that almost as fast as our likely boys grew up they quit the farm for the city. It was discouraging. But the money our boys are making in peanuts, since they were taught how to make two and three dollars by the new method to one dollar by the old, haphazard plan of 'plant 'em and let 'em grow,' is what saved the day for the farmers. We are assured of a new generation of skilled, scientific farmers, and that means steady prosperity."

Down through Dunwiddie, Sussex, and Greenville Counties I found planter after planter who declared that his peanuts brought him from \$10 to \$28 more an acre than his cotton did and while none declared they would give up the old Southern standby, cotton, every one frankly declared that he was going to put more land into peanuts.

At the outbreak of the war some slogan-makers said something about "nailing the flag to the plow." Those Southern boys—and fathers, too—took this literally. On scores of farms I found boys plowing, or driving a peanut-planter, with a little flag nailed to the handle.

The patriotic peanut is certainly doing its bit for Uncle Sam.